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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts—August 21 & 28, 1976, 60 cents

The Elephant Graveyard — *Henry Fairlie*
Palestinian Fratricide — *David Pryce-Jones*
The Efficiency Expert — *Eliot Marshall*
Soviet Time Bomb — *Edward L. Keenan*
GOP Chums — *John Osborne*
New York's Choice — *K. Bode & W. Straus*
Trooping to Plains — *The Editors*

Michael G. Cooke on Mary Shelley
Germaine Brée and Benjamin Dunlap on George Sand
Joan Joffe Hall on Anaïs Nin

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TRB

from Washington ®
August 21 & 28, 1976

Trust and Taxes

Edmund Muskie, Lincolnesque, six-foot-four, capable of producing a glare that would intimidate Mount Rushmore, stands on the floor of the Senate trying to control his passion. He has reached his boiling point; he has had it—right up to *here*. He has jarred others, too. Several senators shout for recognition. "Will the senator yield for a request?" cries Gaylord Nelson.

"I am going to sit down," snarls Muskie, trying not to gnash his teeth. "I am tired of wasting my voice."

What has the ruckus in the Senate this Thursday evening to do with the mysterious warning of Treasury Secretary Simon to the Republican platform committee at Kansas City last week? "A tax revolt," he declares, "will one day occur." He gives a little shudder; "a taxpayer uprising," he repeats "might be forthcoming."

A tax revolt? Americans pay their taxes meekly, don't they? Though Americans don't know it they are the only big nation that operates a voluntary compliance system of income tax collection. It rests on trust: on trust that taxes are fair and on trust that others will pay them if you do. Suppose that trust should be broken? "If there were widespread abuses of the system we could not possibly police them," warns Secretary Simon.

It is on the fairness of the current tax bill, the Tax Reform Act of 1976, and its relationship to the budget process, that has caused Muskie to explode. He serves notice that the measure on which he and others have made plans for two years is a fraud; that he is going to vote against it, the whole kit and caboodle, save for the continuing tax cut provisions, which are the vehicle for the effort. And in the vote that follows he all but succeeds: the vote is 48 to 42; a shift of four votes would have sent the measure back to the Senate Finance Committee under Russell Long.

The gigantic bill (1500 pages) got very little attention as debate progressed. It was dull. The majority added loopholes instead of taking them out. Every reporter knows that taxes aren't sexy.

Republican Sen. Weicker of Connecticut in disgust offered an amendment to strip "reform" from the bill's ironical title—"a fiscal fiasco," he called it. The reform drive made unexpected bedfellows. Edward Kennedy organized a valiant coalition to shame the Senate and save the bill (his exact knowledge of details surprised many critics and friends alike the more so as he was finally disassociated from the 1976 presidential race). Stray conservatives came in. Far right Bill Buckley held his aristocratic nose and called it "a breakdown of the legislative process. . . It constitutes the worst possible collection of tax preferences for the lobbied interests while specifically excluding provisions which would have made life easier for those who make the system go, the taxpaying public."

Muskie's fight was to protect the new congressional budget process, which got caught in the tax fight. The Founding Fathers originally gave Congress the power of the purse to protect the country against future Nixons. But Congress yielded its power to the White House. Now it is trying to get it back again by making responsible annual projections of taxes and expenditures. Muskie is chairman of the new Senate Budget Committee. The tall, irascible, Polish Yankee rose time and again to tell the Senate lugubriously just how much its latest lobbied amendment would cost. He croaked, "Nevermore."

"I simply cannot, as chairman of the Budget Committee," he declared at one point to Sen. Roth (who gets a 100 percent approval rating from the National Association of Businessmen), "just silently let this process continue." Senators were voting revenues away for loopholes, he said, "that they would never support if the same amount were involved in direct additions to the Budget." A supposed two billion dollars in new revenue derived by plugging loopholes was down to "$150 million," he reported.

Why was this bad? asked the surprised Roth; "the amendment I have sponsored will have no effect on the revenue in fiscal year 1977!" It almost made Muskie jump off the floor. "No impact in fiscal 1977!" he exclaimed. Why this foot-in-the-door approach would cost "almost $12 billion five years after the end of FY 1977, and the senator says that is of no consequence—no consequence from a budgetary point of view."

Reformers came back to the same enigma again and again; how could conservatives who looked with horror at a budget unbalanced by direct spending, Kennedy demanded, approve "tax expenditures" (loopholes) that cost the Treasury billions?

The great antagonist of Kennedy-Muskie and the reformers in the tax drama is genial, crafty Russell Long, Huey Long's son, friend of the oil industry, the powerful satrap of the Senate Finance Committee—the Wilbur Mills of the Senate. He is a wheeler-dealer of the old school who can't adjust to the new budget system. Probably the funniest thing in the long tax struggle was the shock of outsiders in discovering that Sen. Long lets committee members quietly insert narrow, "special-interest" loophole amendments into tax bills to aid specific constituents (often campaign contributors). These are so tailored that they fit only that one beneficiary; it is done without bothering to keep a written record of the committee discussion. It would make Mayor Daley chuckle.

When the Kansas City convention is over, Congress will return here to take up the tax bill again August 23. The House has passed one version, the Senate another. The House version is better. The two must be reconciled and the bargaining process is an antique, behind-the-scenes hassle. Undoubtedly the GOP nominee will denounce the Democratic tax—and with reason. Next April 15 when you pay your taxes you will be told again that total "tax expenditures" (loopholes, shelters, exemptions) amount to $100 billion. By and large these favor the affluent in a nation where over a fourth of all personal wealth is owned by one percent of the population. (This isn't Moscow propaganda; it's your Internal Revenue Service speaking.)

Will there ever be a tax "revolt" as Simon fears? Probably yes, if there isn't tax reform, but Congress can't do it; you must have a hard-driving President willing to buck special interests. Jimmy Carter talks tough. Is he?

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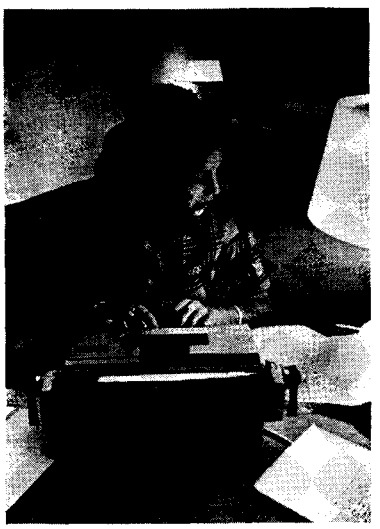

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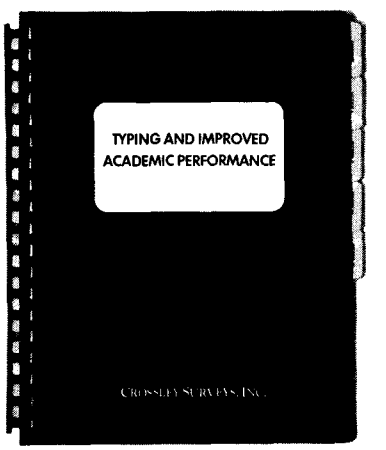

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Trooping to Plains

Their vested suits were shed for faded levis and sporty seersucker. But there was no mistaking the gang gathered in Plains late last month to brief Grits and Fritz on arcane matters of national security. They were by and large the familiar faces of the insular, inbred establishment that has monopolized and misgoverned American foreign policy under previous Democratic Presidents (see "Henry's Successor," *TNR*, May 8).

Who indeed are these people advising Jimmy Carter on the fateful issues of foreign policy? Do they represent the breadth and diversity of the party that nominated him or the country he hopes to lead? Are they the most gifted products of some nationwide search, people who have been consistently sensitive to public welfare, notably creative men? Do they promise, in a campaign based on the renewal of public faith, the prospect of fresh and open government in Washington? Are they, in short, the best Carter can offer after the tortured experience of nearly two decades in which the lies and blunders of foreign policy almost tore the US apart? The answers to those questions back us into a very dark corner of the Carter candidacy.

With few exceptions, the briefers in Plains and the Carter foreign and defense policy task forces are the old roll of the club—former Pentagon officials Cyrus Vance, Paul Nitze, Paul Warnke, State Department ex-bureaucrats like Charles Yost and Henry Owen, and what one observer aptly called the "hungry" professors—men such as Zbigniew Brzezinski and Richard Gardner of Columbia. One or two were gratifyingly different: Milton Katz, surely an establishment figure, did most of his government service working on the economic reconstruction of postwar Europe, and he has written provocatively on international law. Also present was Tony Lake who quit on the eve of the Cambodia invasion.

In one sense, the ticket to power of the predictables has been Jimmy Carter's own weakness and uncertainty in foreign affairs, a pandemic feeling among American politicians that they need well advertised experts to decipher foreign policy, and that the media and even their own supporters will pounce on them if they don't assemble the officially accredited names. Beyond that ignorance and fear, the advisers to the Democratic nominee were determined by a tradition of self-promotion within a small and closed society. In government,

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business and the universities they have worked for, with and around one another. They go to the same conferences, write for and read the same magazines, serve many of the same corporate clients, huddle under the same foundations—all generally within shuttle range of Wall Street. So too they meet the candidates: Brzezinski encounters Carter working with David Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission of multinationals; Owen invites Carter to conferences at Brookings along with the others, and so on.

The process might be less foolish or sinister if it produced people of extraordinary intellect and independence, not just visibility. But the record is a disgrace, and the prospects bleak. Vance, Nitze and Owen, for example, have pasts in the Vietnam debacle that should leave them in much deserved retirement from the public pay. Brzezinski and Gardner, aside from their attentive jockeying in the club, have no preeminent academic credentials to recommend their elevation, and certainly nothing approaching the depth and grasp of that other ambitious Ivy League professor, Henry Kissinger.

If there is one overriding characteristic shared by these homogeneous men of the establishment it is how often, how long, and how unrepentantly they have been wrong about international affairs. The Carter advisory group in large part reads like a class reunion of early supporters of the Vietnam war, including Brzezinski, who was a State Department policy planner (working for Henry Owen) under LBJ. Serving the United States well in this group has usually been less important to such men than their own personal image and enemies. The vaguer the former and fewer the latter the better. So Vance advances toward being the next Secretary of State, as Dean Rusk did 15 years ago, by saying as little as possible, letting somebody else take on the issues and the heat, and thus to be judged cool and worthy by his colleagues. Never mind that we know almost nothing about the man except that he has an appetite for power; never mind that we have just been through an administration for which technique was to pass for quality.

Among the junior men a certain kind of experience seems the rule. Richard Holbrooke, now working full-time on the Carter staff in charge of foreign policy issues, is on leave as managing editor of *Foreign Policy*; he worked with Henry Cabot Lodge, Nicholas Katzenbach and Vance, without blowing the whistle, and thereby is nicely positioned for the succession. A recent profile on Holbrooke in *Washington Monthly* depicted him as a man whose main talent was advancing himself in the club. That is not altogether fair: he is also extraordinarily literate and, in fact, has run an open magazine.

Whether out of self-protection, the canons of the club or some grotesque irony, the establishment has excluded from the candidate's circle of advisers those men who have performed best in America's recent painful past. As surely as they spurn the figureheads of the war—men like the brothers Bundy, Walt Rostow and his brother Eugene Victor, Dean Rusk (who nonetheless whispers to Carter, according to some reports) and Robert McNamara—the advisory list drafters omit those critics willing to be steadfast, like George Kennan, Chester Bowles, Hans Morgenthau, Theodore Draper, Stanley Hoffmann and J.K. Galbraith; also the younger men who dissented inside the government against the war, like James Thomson, Mike Forrestal, Paul Kattenburg; and the political figures who have learned their foreign policy the hard way, like Sen. Frank Church, Reps. Donald Fraser and Otis Pike; or wise younger figures in the Congress like Les Aspin and Steve Solarz. The list could go on: Roger Hilsman who saw the war and much else more clearly than most of the moguls in Plains; or Richard Barnet, a former official whose seemingly radical vision of policy and government has proven chillingly pragmatic; or Morton Halperin, a defense analyst who knows clearly the limits the Constitution places on national security justifications for policy. People like these are not included largely because they are not on Vance's or Holbrooke's or Owen's or Brzezinski's list.

Where, one might ask, were the other genuinely independent foreign policy thinkers across a spectrum of views who do not navigate the rivers of real influence quite so showingly: Adam Ulam, the two Robert Tuckers, George Liska, Francis FitzGerald, Ronald Steel? Where was there someone with some commitment and understanding about the horrors in South Africa? Who in Plains had a deep sense beyond slogans of the complicated religious and economic politics of the Middle East?

The old boy network may have its charms in other areas of national politics, but its costs in foreign policy have become intolerable. We know now that genteel discussions in New York or Foggy Bottom have a way of turning into bone and blood, if not ours then someone else's. Jimmy Carter would find no applause for his foreign policy advisory list in veterans' hospitals or in the universities of Latin America and Asia and Africa—nor, we suspect, in most of this country, if newspapers and television really bothered to tell the story of the foreign policy establishment.

Judging on their past form—a reasonable measure for horses, peanuts and men—the clique represented in Plains last month portends the same kind of bureaucratic disarray, secret, closed government and stale thinking that plagued the Johnson administration. For most of these guys, it has been eight years of jockeying for jobs, not new and innovative thought about unprecedented problems (like resource scarcity) that will face the Washington Carter may inherit.

Stripped of esoteric terminology, foreign policy is common sense, common sense about what Americans want and expect of their government, and common sense about what the US can do in a world where its power is not supreme, and common sense about which

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allies have a moral claim on our alliance. That is a responsibility Jimmy Carter can confidently give to a broad range of Americans from many professions and backgrounds. Of course he should have the benefit of expert advice, but from a broad spectrum of advisers, from the young scholars in the West and South who don't get to the meetings of the Council on Foreign Relations, from the new international businessmen and labor leaders, from the journalists in Minneapolis and Denver and Seattle who have been abroad too—from a vast and fresh store of talent that is out there, even if the club in Washington and New York doesn't recognize their names and numbers.

If ever there was a practical need for what Jimmy Carter calls "trust," it is this: there should be reason to trust that the next President won't be taken in by a discredited and undemocratic elite, and to trust ourselves with our future in the world. Some readers have written complaining that we have a grudge against those who served in the past. We do not think that to be the case. But after Vietnam and other enormities, we believe history already to have judged many of those individuals harshly, and that *they* don't deserve another chance at the top.

White House Watch

GOP Chums

Kansas City

The most interesting observation heard during the early preliminaries to the Republican Convention was that the continuing proliferation of binding party primaries may soon make national nominating conventions obsolete by committing so many delegates to vote for designated candidates that there will be no point in assembling them to formalize an already accomplished result. It was a passing thought, thrown out so casually that it went officially unnoticed during debate on two proposals for rules changes that simultaneously promised initial tests of Ford and Reagan strength and dramatized the weakness of both candidates at this, the first Republican Convention since 1952 that has had to resolve a really serious contest for the presidential nomination.

A Reaganite proposed that candidates for the presidency be required to declare their choices for the vice presidency before nominations are voted. A Ford supporter proposed to require delegates to vote in accordance with state laws that mandate their choices on early ballots. Both suggestions were somewhat counter to assurances that Ford and Reagan leaders had given each other at deceptively chummy meetings in Washington. The assurances were to the effect that neither side would use procedural and substantive disputes during preconvention committee sessions and at the convention to embarrass the other side and to manufacture indications of relative strength and weakness.

The first partisan to strain these understandings was John P. Sears, Ronald Reagan's national campaign director. By his account, Sears is the genius who principally persuaded Ronald Reagan to choose hitherto liberal Republican Senator Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania for his vice presidential nominee and thereby shook and shocked the conservative true-believers who form the core of Reagan's national following. As things turned out, the choice probably damaged Schweiker more than it either hurt or helped Reagan. The spectacle of Senator Schweiker proclaiming from Mississippi to New England and finally in Kansas City that in accepting Reagan's invitation he had "changed constituencies" and felt free to reverse his previous positions on issues ranging from restrictions on labor unions to defense expenditure saddened liberal and conservative ideologues and must have finished him with many of his Pennsylvania followers. But the effect on Schweiker was the least of John Sears' concerns. His central concern, expressed in public taunts since the Schweiker choice was announced, was to goad President Ford into disclosing his preference for Vice President before the convention chooses between him and Reagan. Sears had said in Washington with bald frankness that he was taking the line he did because the President's choice, whoever it might be, was bound to offend some delegates and lose some convention votes. With an ineptitude that has become all too typical of the Ford White House, the President delayed a response to the Sears-Reagan pressure so long that he let himself appear to be supinely reacting to events instead of guiding them as Presidents are expected to do. It was finally said for him, in a singularly weak and indirect fashion, that he was going to do what he'd intended to do all the while—that is, recommend a Vice President to the convention "in the traditional way" after he was nominated for the presidency. His spokesman should have said but of course didn't, *if* he was nominated.

Sears' way of maintaining the pressure was evidence that Reagan was weaker in delegate strength than he and his spokesmen claimed to be in the preconvention week. Sears asked the Republican National Committee rules committee to recommend that the convention require "all persons seeking to be nominated for President" to announce their choices for the vice presidency "by 9 a.m. on the day on which the nomination is to be held." He argued that his proposal "would give the delegates a necessary and much needed chance to . . . analyze the whole ticket," but everyone understood what he was up to. He knew that the RNC rules committee is stacked with Ford supporters and he expected his proposal to get the short shrift it got the next day. The convention rules committee to which the

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RNC committee would be reporting later in the week much more nearly reflected the close balance between Ford and Reagan delegates and could be expected to give Sears a kindlier hearing. After that there was the convention floor, where a proposal so blatantly aimed at embarrassing Ford could cause the eruption from Reagan zealots that Sears and other Reagan managers had undertaken to avoid. It's only fair to note, however, that this probably was not the purpose. The likely purpose, one of many indications both of the narrow gap between the candidates and of Reagan's desperate need for the few score additional votes that could give him the nomination, was to remind delegates wavering toward Ford that his unstated choice for the vice presidency could, when disclosed, make them wish they'd voted for Reagan.

The Sears-Reagan maneuver demonstrated the extraordinary circumstances that give this convention a positively weird tinge. A sizable proportion of Reagan's delegates clung to a hope that, despite his many disclaimers, he would demand or at least accept the vice presidential nomination if he were defeated for the presidential nomination. John Sears' proposal would, if adopted, make that unlikely event just about impossible because it would require Reagan to admit defeat and withdraw from the presidential race before Mr. Ford could conceivably propose him for the vice presidency. The Sears proposal amounted, in short, to confirmation that Reagan had been meaning it when he said over and over that he didn't want and would not accept the number two nomination. The Ford people were counting upon a decisive number of Reaganites in the convention rules committee and on the convention floor to vote against the proposal for this reason. Ben J. Clayburgh, the Republican national committeeman from North Dakota and a dedicated Reagan supporter, marched to a microphone during the RNC rules committee debate, tore up the text of the Sears proposal and said he opposed it because it would destroy the last possibility of a Ford-Reagan ticket. The Clayburgh performance indicated, incidentally, that the most passionate Reagan followers had abandoned all hope of forcing their idol upon Mr. Ford by a floor vote.

The Ford advocate who stirred the animals was Representative John Rhodes of Arizona, who was to be the convention's permanent chairman and was assumed to be on the President's list of vice presidential possibilities. Rhodes proposed that the convention require him as chairman to make delegates from the states (variously estimated at 19 to 22) that by law command convention votes on early ballots in accordance with primary, caucus or state convention dictates to vote in strict accordance with those laws rather than follow individual or factional preferences. The RNC rules committee adopted Rhodes' proposal and rejected fervent Reagan objections with brutal speed. Here again, however, everyone understood that the serious battles would occur in the convention rules committee and possibly on the convention floor. The meaningful question was why Rhodes proposed and Ford advocates fiercely defended the new authority and why Reagan's spokesmen fiercely opposed it.

The reason was a Ford fear and a Reagan hope that a normally negligible few of 324 delegates legally committed to the President from 16 states would defy their often vague state laws and vote according to their personal preferences for Reagan or, more likely, simply abstain from voting on the first or second ballots. The race for first-ballot nomination was so close that the failure of a few such delegates to vote could deprive the President of the 1130 necessary for nomination and give Reagan a shot at it on a second ballot. Rhodes wanted a rule that would enable him as permanent chairman to void abstentions for technical violations of state laws by having delegation votes recorded in strict compliance with the laws rather than as the votes were announced from the floor by recalcitrant individuals or leaders. His need for that authority and the Reagan forces' evident though denied intention to do Gerald Ford in by abstention if all other means failed were sorry measures of the depths to which an incumbent President and his rival had fallen.

Much of the national press, hungry as usual for discord, interpreted a flare-up in the convention platform committee as a sign of formidable Reagan strength. It was evidence that the Ford managers couldn't get by with the domination that Richard Nixon's people imposed upon the 1968 and 1972 conventions. But it was more a sign of the times, and secondarily of initially poor command and organization in the Ford camp, than of Reagan might. Committee members rebelled, 49 to 36, against automatic submission to the appointment of subcommittee chairmen and chairwomen by the platform chairman, Governor Robert D. Ray of Iowa. Ray, a Ford supporter, is among those who have been notified that they might be recommended for the vice presidency. The seven subcommittees, authorized after the rebellion to choose their own chairpersons (there is no escaping this horrid perversion), rejected a Ray appointee, Representative Silvio Conte of Massachusetts, and replaced him at the head of the human rights subcommittee with Charles Pickering of Mississippi, a Reagan supporter who is regarded by Ford people as a reasonable fellow. This change and the selection of another Reagan supporter, Dorothy Zumwalt of Oklahoma, for vice chairwoman increased the chances that abortion and rights for women planks more acceptable to Reagan than to Ford might be adopted. But the whole business was less significant than the restive suspicion, and the manifest refusal to bow to the prospect, that the platform was actually being written by hidden Ford and Reagan manipulators. Governor Ray assured the members that it wasn't true and the Ford managers of

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the platform operation were pathetically anxious to have it believed that there was no draft at all.

There was a draft, in two parts. The Ford and Reagan managers between them succeeded for a remarkably long time in concealing the mechanics of the preliminary platform production. Two of the brighter members of the Ford and Reagan entourages, Michael Raul-Duval at the White House and a former Nixon assistant, Martin Anderson, for Reagan, supervised the supply and coordination of Ford and Reagan views of what should go into the platform. Richard V. Allen, who was Richard Nixon's foreign policy adviser in the 1968 campaign and served briefly and unhappily on the NSC staff under Henry Kissinger, was recruited to draft the foreign policy and national security sections. It was a shrewd choice: Allen, now an international management consultant (whatever that is), is at once a capable writer and thinker and a hard-nosed anti-Communist who can't have many differences with Ronald Reagan. John P. Meagher (pronounced *may-harr*), chief minority counsel of the House Ways and Means Committee, drafted the basic domestic sections. Stephen Hess, a Brookings Institution fellow and author of political histories, who worked at the Nixon White House under Pat Moynihan, edited and melded the Allen and Meagher drafts. They were submitted to Governor Ray and to the relevant platform subcommittees, and as intended and expected, were revised to a modest extent in the final process.

What is to be remembered is the quiet collaboration between the Ford and Reagan forces. The common aim was to avoid conflict over issues that could fatally divide the party during the election campaign, and in the preliminary phase it was largely attained. One of many examples: Reagan assistant Peter Hannaford approved Allen's draft of a plank on the controversial Panama Canal issue, which said that the US must preserve and protect its "fundamental interest" in the Canal but stopped short of Ronald Reagan's prior insistence that US sovereignty over the Panama Canal Zone be preserved "in perpetuity." Such militants as Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina and Representative Philip Crane of Illinois balked at this and similar compromises that seemed to them to be surrenders of conservative principle and forced through a good many changes, mostly minor. It was plain on the eve of the convention that Reagan's extremist followers were insisting that he not give in to his better nature. In their cutist maneuver, they appeared to have put Senator James Buckley of New York up to his at least temporary show of availability for the presidential nomination, thus threatening to throw it to a second or later ballot and increase Reagan's chances of defeating Ford. Jesse Helms expressed their mood when he described the kind of hard-rock platform they wanted: "If we win with it, great! If we lose with it, good!"

John Osborne

Finally Facing Facts

The PLO Debris: Dead or Divided

by David Pryce-Jones

Slowly but surely the Syrian grip on Lebanon is strengthening. Syrian soldiers dominate the country's main lines of communication, and are in a position to control the towns, if they should so choose. For the present, the Syrians need do nothing much more than remind themselves that all things come to him who waits. According to time-honored practices of divide-and-rule, they have played the Christians off against the Palestinians. Machiavelli would find it a copybook exercise so far. To the victors the spoils. In Damascus the future must look enticing.

These events are a shock and a grief to those in Lebanon who have to suffer them, the Palestinian organizations and those disgruntled Moslems and Druzes who became their allies in opposition to the established order. Just a few short months ago, the Syrians were unflinching backers of the Palestinian Liberation Organization. No Syrian statement was complete without a pious reference to the rights of the Palestinians. The United Nations and its subcommittees have resounded with such calls to arms on behalf of the PLO. And now here are the Syrians responsible for the death of these very same Palestinians. Not only killing them but, what is more, turning brother against brother, for Palestinians of the PLO are exchanging fire across the barricades with Palestinians of the PLO-associated Syrian-backed Saiqa guerrillas and the Yarmuk Brigade. President Assad claims that his turnabout was sparked by the PLO massacre of Syrians and pro-Syrian Palestinians in Sidon during early June. It has been, in any case, a war of fratricide and reciprocal atrocity from the start, and many of the wretched men who have fought it no longer know where their loyalties lie, and are defecting, or going into hiding; others simply become more murderously committed to their fanaticism.

It is, or it should be, impossible for anybody to be still deceived about the standing of the PLO. It is not, never has been, and now never will be, a national liberation movement of the kind to which the world has become accustomed since 1945. The PLO did not come into being as a spontaneous expression of national hopes to retrieve what had been forfeit at the end of the British

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David Pryce-Jones, an English journalist and historian, writes widely on Arab and Middle East affairs. His biography of Unity Mitford will be published by Dial Press this spring.

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Mandate. Gamal Abdel Nasser manufactured the PLO in 1964 as a tool in the service of Egypt for the inter-Arab struggle, and it has remained a creature of decree ever since, mighty through the pen but not the sword. A flag and a national anthem were ordered ready-made, a headquarters was provided in Gaza, in which Ahmed Shukeiry was installed. A member of a family of notables from Acre, Shukeiry was a veteran of Arab payrolls, a free-lance speechmaker with a line in rant for every season. After the Six Day War, Shukeiry was ousted by Nasser without ceremony. The PLO had not helped to drive the Jews into the sea, as Shukeiry had promised. And Egyptian prestige, in an hour of desperation, might be better recovered by a new figure, Yassir Arafat of the Fatah.

Arafat had connections with the traditional Palestinian leadership, but he was more typical of the newer class of coffeehouse intellectual. He has always been sedentary. His sten-gun, or badge of office, bumps clumsily over his shoulder. But he was not without inspiration when he proclaimed himself a guerrilla in the now familiar Guevaresque disguise of *keffiyeh* and dark glasses. For the abrupt subjection of the West Bank and Gaza Palestinians to Israeli rule as a consequence of the Six Day War did offer a chance of mobilizing a liberation movement of some sort. The Israelis were awkwardly saddled with the administration of a million extra Palestinians, and were bound to make blunders. If these Palestinians could have been persuaded not to cooperate, even to resist actively, the Israeli presence on the West Bank and in Gaza might have become untenable.

Prematurely, Arafat tried to force the issue. In no mood to risk security in the occupied areas, the Israelis countered much more vigorously than Arafat had expected, outmatching him completely. Before 1967 was over, he had blown his prospects, and Fatah, then a few hundred strong at best, had been eliminated from the West Bank and Gaza. There was nothing for it but to consolidate somewhere and somehow in the Arab world, but in doing so Arafat had only his native wit to rely on. Merging Fatah with the PLO, Arafat convinced people who ought to have known better that the Palestinians were the new crusaders of the Middle East. Quite the contrary. The PLO depended upon subventions and weapons from Egypt, Syria, Saudi Arabia, Algeria, Iraq, Libya, Russia, China or all or any combinations of these. Arafat had become the usual convenience to other interested parties in the region; he was Shukeiry writ large.

SUMMER SCHEDULE:

we will omit an issue

on August 28 (next week)

Quite why Western journalists and diplomats took Arafat at his word is a mystery best left to some ironizing Gibbon of the future. It was they who projected the false image of Arafat as spokesman for a militant mass, when in fact the two or three million Palestinians are tragically fragmented and bemused by Middle East politics, and permit the PLO to represent them only by default. They have been content to judge the PLO from a safe distance, by its success or failure. This much is clear, that Westerners are educated to assume that standards that apply to them are equally applicable to all societies. Allowance is not made for Islam, its values and its procedures. If the PLO were a proper liberation movement, then it had to be comparable to the French *maquis*, the IRA or even the Haganah. Any visitor to the PLO in the field or the refugee camps could have seen for himself that here were undertrained and ill-fed youths recruited by the offer of regular wages for the first time in their lives. Theirs was not the innate sense of grievance for which men will sacrifice themselves. True enough, hospitals, orphanages, soup kitchens, clubs were started in order to refashion the Palestinian identity, but Arafat had no time for this kind of slow-moving but indispensable back-up. He had to show immediate results to his paymasters.

Palestinians were reminded of the realities of power by the Jordanian civil war of September 1970. When the PLO threatened the stability of his country, King Hussein proved as decisive as the Israelis had been on the West Bank. Although the Syrian army dramatically intervened on its side, the PLO could not acquit itself, and retreated, its debris actually crossing the Jordan to seek refuge under the Israelis. Only the Marxist splinter group of the Popular Front, led by George Habash, had a policy of no surrender, and dug in at Wahdat, the large refugee camp on the outskirts of Amman. Technical corps of the Jordanian army, such as the artillery, are largely recruited from Palestinians, and they obeyed the King's orders, shelling Wahdat and scattering the refugees, their kinsmen, into the countryside. Such are the bloody divisions between Palestinians.

It is macabre that this spectacle should be reenacted in Lebanon. At Tel al-Zaatar, the camp on the edge of Beirut, another beseiging force repeated the horror of Wahdat, finding justification in the equally ineffable cruelties perpetrated only yesterday and the day before against Christian villages. The achievement has been to finalize in Lebanon the disaster earlier visited upon Palestinians in Jordan. The PLO's political and military bankruptcy is exposed. The Syrians, eager to master Lebanon, were never going to let the PLO stand in the way, and the rhetoric of the past years can go hang. Perhaps the United Nations cloudbursts of rapture, and the ignorant groveling of Westerners had assured Arafat that he really was an independent factor

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in the Middle East equation. Did not the French foreign minister shake his hand in public? Do not Sens. McGovern and Percy—to say nothing of Arafat's representative in the Senate, James Abourezk—still designate him as the recipient of the West Bank? Was not comment about his international significance spewing from the columnists counseling Israel to which of its sworn enemies wide ranging concessions should be made? And all this at a time when refugees in Lebanese camps cursed his name. Of the 10,000 men whom the PLO may have had on the rolls, perhaps half are left, frightened and isolated men, to whom the Popular Front is now once more appealing to stand and die. Against Israel itself, the various factions are relegated to throwing a bomb here, a grenade there—as in the recent attack on an El Al plane in Istanbul.

Soon accounts will have to be settled between Arafat and the Syrians. Arafat can hardly wish to be accused of selling out the PLO, so President Hafez Assad may have to give him marching orders, as Nasser did to Shukeiry, and the man will then never be heard of again. In that case, Zuheir Mohsin, the leader of Saiqa, might replace him and the Syrians will simply have converted the PLO into another arm of their expanding foreign policy. If that were to happen, President Assad could claim to the Lebanese that he had brought the local troublemakers to heel and therefore had every right to appoint a government of his choice.

Alternatively the Syrians may be merciful to Arafat, and spare him to fight another day, on their terms. This is the more probable course, because the Syrian soldiers are after all Moslems, and it sticks in their throats to be accomplices of Christians in the suppressing and killing of fellow Moslems. Also Arafat has other potential backers, in Egypt and Iraq and Russia, whom the Syrians may prefer to ward off. Further away are various influential rulers with huge investments in Lebanon. The Saudi princes, the Gulf emirs and sheikhs have salted away millions of dollars in Beirut real estate and banks, and they would welcome a solution that muzzled the PLO without appearing to do so. In effect, the result of 12 years of PLO politicking is that Syria, not Egypt, now calls the movement's tune.

Christian triumph over the Palestinians and the Moslem opposition had better be enjoyed while it lasts. The Christians will surely have to pay for the unnatural alliance that saved their skins in the nick of time. If they have to give up only such offices of state as have been theirs by constitutional arrangement, they will be lucky. In this century, there is not one single example of a non-Moslem minority being decently tolerated in a Moslem society. An Arab saying has it that after the turn of the Saturday people comes the turn of the Sunday people. For the moment, then, there is a week-end honeymoon, and the Friday people give compelling reasons why it should last forever.

The gloomy logic of their joint predicament compels Israel to underpin the Christian minority, tacitly, complicitly, or perhaps even deeper, though that remains to be clarified. Certainly Israel has impounded a freighter on its way from Egypt to Beirut with arms for the Ain Jalut Brigade, who are Palestinians still under Egyptian allegiance. The Christian militia would be delighted to receive whatever supplies or help Israel proferred. Tokens of good will can be observed every day along the Israeli-Lebanese border where peasants, mostly Shia Moslems by the way, cross for medical treatment, for trade and even for laboring jobs. A human necessity for those thousands who benefit from it, this version of the "open bridges" policy, as the one across the river Jordan, at least is evidence of neighborliness and decent intentions. Direct and traceable Israeli involvement on any significant scale in Lebanon would offer a dangerous hostage to fortune. Israel cannot risk upsetting or thwarting intricate Syrian calculations, for that would inspire hatred never to be forgiven, at a stage when these two countries are inevitably about to try conclusions with each other. Should Syria, however, try to utilize its military advantage southward, the restraints on Israel would be off and its response quick and devastating.

A cynic might well hold the view that Israel is going to miss the familiar old Arafat, not on the fatuous grounds that he was supposedly moderate about hijacking, but because the heat of the Arab world was conducted away through him and his PLO. Had there been no PLO, nothing could have distracted Jordan, Syria and Egypt from the direct self-interest of recovering what they had lost in 1967. Arafat has been a full-time irrelevance. So long as arguments have been about unspecified Palestinian rights and the dubious feasibility of West Bank sovereignty, Israel has been spared the painful long-term policy decisions about the kind of state it wants to be.

The Palestine national cause was part and parcel of the revolutionary romanticism that reached its peak in Paris in May 1968. But pretentious slogans do not alter political facts. Arafat has had to learn that power does not ultimately come from the barrel of a gun, but from the hard work of very many people with interests in common. Humiliated again, the Palestinians must now survive in their usual limbo while the Syrians can still capitalize on their gains in Lebanon for the struggle against Israel. The road to regaining the Golan Heights, Assad now calculates, runs through Beirut. If their skill holds, the Syrians may have managed to give the Russians the slip, just as the Egyptians seem to have done, and so the whole case will land slap on the desk of the incoming American President, to spoil his New Year. There will then be tremendous pressure to expose Israel to just about every peril it faced between 1949 and 1967, with the added dangers of the most advanced weapons on its borders. What happens at that point is anyone's guess.

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The New York Senate Race

Five is a Crowd

New York is one of only nine states without a Democratic US senator. That's a fact that moves many in the party, particularly this year, since they expect Carter-Mondale to be an easy winner in New York, and since the US Senate seat of Conservative-Republican James Buckley is up for grabs. The September 14 Democratic primary to choose Buckley's opponent, and probably his successor, has drawn a crowd:

- Bella Abzug, 56, one of 18 women in Congress, and after only five years an almost legendary presence. Bella leaves an absolutely safe seat—she won nearly 80 percent of the vote in 1974—to make this race and for the past two years she has been carefully laying the groundwork, traveling, speaking, raising cash, organizing, and softening her blunt, often bellicose image.
- Ramsey Clark, 48, attorney general under President Johnson and more recently a self-described public interest lawyer for the Berrigans, Attica inmates and Kent State students, among others. Clark's unassuming down-home manner and image of integrity were a perfect fit with the public mood at the height of the Watergate scandal and earned him an upset victory in the 1974 Democratic primary. Clark lost the general election to New York's other Republican senator, Jacob Javits, by more than 350,000 votes.
- Daniel Patrick Moynihan, 49, colorful intellectual, controversial braintruster to every President of both parties since JFK, most recently ambassador to India under Richard Nixon and to the United Nations under Gerald Ford. This is Moynihan's second try for elective office; he lost in a 1965 bid for president of the New York city council.
- Paul O'Dwyer, 69, currently city council president and perennial crusader for liberal causes before they became popular. This is his fourth try for the US Senate (1962, 1968, 1970). O'Dwyer this time has abandoned his reformer image and is running as the designated candidate of the Democratic state committee, an endorsement that has rarely been meaningful.
- Abraham Hirschfeld, 56, a wealthy builder of parking garages who entered the 1974 primary and finished a distant third to Clark. Hirschfeld is still relatively unknown and given little chance, but personal spending on a candidate's own behalf is unrestricted and a lavish media campaign could have an impact.

New York's is probably the most complicated Senate race in the country this year. Although Democrats have an edge in registration of nearly a million potential votes, they have trouble converting that margin into electoral victory because this is sometimes a four-party state. In 1970 James Buckley won his Senate seat in a three-way contest running on the Conservative line. The Liberal party joined the Republicans in backing incumbent Sen. Charles Goodell, an alliance the two groups repeated more successfully in 1974 on behalf of Sen. Javits. This year the Conservatives and Republicans will both back Buckley, and the Liberal party will probably line up behind the Democratic nominee, though there are still some who believe that the Liberals may decide to make it a three-way contest.

Another complication is that New York state primary contests are "downstate and Jewish." Nearly everyone agrees that about three-fourths of the vote in the September primary will be cast in the five boroughs of New York City and their suburbs, and although Jews make up only 14 percent of the state population, they are the most Democratically inclined segment of the electorate. Jewish voters will probably account for 35 to 40 percent of the primary turnout. Everyone in the senate race is campaigning for the Jewish vote; support for Israel is a major part of each candidate's catechism.

Money, and particularly money for TV and radio ads is as always a factor in New York primaries. There are two things affecting this year's spending: individual contributions are limited to $1000 and large "start-up" loans from banks or individuals are illegal. As a result, the candidates are spending more time than ever raising money.

This race is not, as some have assumed, between three liberal Democrats on the one hand and Pat Moynihan (who's called a moderate *or* conservative), on the other. Despite his history as a maverick, Paul O'Dwyer is running as this year's anointed party regular, saying and apparently believing that the state committee designation will bring him a quarter of the primary vote. The liberal reform wing of the New York party regards its choice this year as between Abzug and Clark, and, on that side of the contest, what is now going on may be compared to what happened between Birch Bayh and Morris Udall during the early presidential primaries—one emerged and one faded. Bella is coming on strong and Ramsey falling back. To be sure, the Clark campaign organization has a game plan. Clark will be depicted as the issues candidate, the candidate who doesn't trim, the candidate of character, experience, honesty, integrity, directness. Part of this includes lengthy detailed position papers on issues—mass transit, tax reform, corporate bribery.

What the polls show is that the primary is shaking down to a two-way race between Abzug and Moynihan. On the basis of her strong statewide recognition and early start—Moynihan declared his candidacy on June 10—Bella is now ahead, but both candidates have a strong base, highly committed workers and a capacity to generate money.

The polls also showed that in choosing between Abzug and Moynihan, the voters are not picking between a liberal and a conservative, but rather between two individuals they see as having similar qualities—two honest, aggressive, outspoken gutsy people. "There are no issues of substance in this

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campaign," says Meyer Frucher, Moynihan's campaign manager, "the only issue is the character of the candidates and in both cases that is pretty well defined." The polls indicate that both candidates fit the image of what people want in a United States senator. Others on the campaign dispute this, focusing on foreign policy differences.

Another difference (which the Abzug campaign plays up strongly) is that Bella is a woman. In New York, where the political consciousness of women is more advanced than in most places, being the only woman in a crowded field is a distinct advantage. It guarantees some votes and organizational support. It also brings in out of state dollars, much of it from Hollywood. "I may not look like a senator," says Bella, pointing to the 100 men in the official portrait of the Upper House, "but I think I'm what a senator *should* look like."

Much of Bella Abzug's primary campaign has been geared to updating and thereby overcoming conventional impressions of her movement days, a frontlines feminist, an antiwar leader, and of her early days in the House where the press made her seem a strident minority of one, a pariah of a congressperson whose sponsorship of a bill assured its defeat. Joe Crangle, Democratic chairman of upstate Erie County, who helped induct Pat Moynihan into this primary and now provides his strongest organizational support, puts it this way: "Bella is Bella's problem. Her outspoken nature is both her greatest strength and her greatest weakness." Others are more direct: "With Bella you get a voice, not a record," says one. And another: "Anybody who knows Congress knows there are many more Abzug bills than there are Abzug laws."

It is a problem because Bella's image is very well established. Her campaign button—a blue silhouette of the candidate in a wide-brimmed hat against a white background with no further word of identification—indicates how well known Bella's publicist assumes she is known; she is a superstar at this calling of politics.

Bella's battle to overcome what is negative in her public image is as straightforward as the image itself. Her style is quieter now than in days when she was raising hell with a bullhorn from the front ranks of a civil rights or antiwar demonstration, but her stand on the issues hasn't changed so much as the issues themselves. What Bella has been saying for years is not that controversial any longer. "The country and the Congress have changed more than I have," she says. "I've been out front, but everybody else caught up." In fact, Bella Abzug has been a surprisingly effective legislator during her comparatively short three terms in the House. Despite her lack of seniority, she has been a major force on both the committees to which she is assigned, Public Works and Government Operations. She has also been a consistent spokesman for rapid transit over the interests of the automobile and oil industries and on Public Works has fought to get interstate highway funds released to New York. In a poll of House members conducted by *US News and World Report* earlier this year, Bella was chosen as the third most influential member, behind only the top two House Democratic leaders, Speaker Carl Albert and Majority Leader Tip O'Neill. Says Michael Barone, co-author of the highly regarded *Almanac of American Politics*, "her success goes against all the unwritten rules that used to govern the House—and is part of the reason they don't apply any more."

She is still a fighter, as CIA Director William Colby found out when he came before the subcommittee she chairs on government information and individual rights, and got himself ridiculed and upbraided for CIA snooping in Bella's mail. That part of the Abzug image is not being softened, according to Doug Ireland, Abzug's manager: "It's an advantage for her to be perceived as a scrapper and a maverick and not an insider. She's one incumbent Congressperson who will not be harmed by the anti-Washington mood this year." During the week before the GOP convention, Bella Abzug got some help on the effectiveness issue from Majority Leader Tip O'Neill. Though O'Neill tactfully declined to call it an endorsement, New Yorkers can expect to see what he said in his blunt Boston Irish manner edited into an Abzug television commercial, which will go something like this: "I have seen Bella in this Congress. I have seen her for five and a half years she's been in Washington. She is some person! Make no mistake about it, I owe her an awful lot. What a job she's done! What a voice she's been! She is one of 23 House Whips. I want you to know that we have overriden eight of the nine past presidential vetoes. Congress has turned around. Bella has been an inspiration . . . Urban mass transportation. Nobody in America has worked harder for it . . . than Bella. It should have been the Bella Abzug bill. . . I remember the New York City bill . . . practically on the eve of bankruptcy, nobody worked any harder than Bella. . . She's just a beautiful, beautiful person. Now I don't live in New York. Believe me, if I did I'd be out there working for Bella and I'd be voting for Bella."

For some time, Daniel Patrick Moynihan was outwardly not a willing candidate for the Senate. Rumors he might run began to circulate during his stint at the UN, and while he was apparently growing further out of favor with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Kissinger is, after all, hardly an enormously popular figure in New York. After he left his UN post, speculation was fueled further when Moynihan endorsed Sen. Henry Jackson in the New York presidential primary, campaigned with the senator statewide—often generating more attention than Jackson. He was elected as a Jackson delegate, and his supporters think his UN actions anchored their man's image in New York.

In his statement announcing his candidacy, Moynihan began by saying that he was entering "at the

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urging of friends in the party and the labor movement." One of his strengths in the primary is said to be his support from what Doug Ireland, Abzug's manager, calls "a certain strata of the labor movement that comes from, shall we say, a certain orientation." What Ireland means is George Meany's innermost political circle both in New York and the AFL-CIO international headquarters in Washington. Some of labor's wooing was quite public. Last March at a gathering of the Social Democrats U.S.A., where he received the Eugene V. Debs award, Secretary Treasurer of the AFL-CIO Lane Kirkland, number two to Meany in the labor hierarchy, turned to Moynihan, by then back as a professor at Harvard, who shared the head table. "Surely it is your duty at a time like this to sally forth from the halls of academia and offer your services to the great state of New York," bubbled Kirkland. Other parts of the wooing presumably were more private. Frucher, Moynihan's manager, confirms that Kirkland and Al Barkan, head of the AFL-CIO's political action arm, gave Moynihan a firm promise of $100,000 in union contributions if he would agree to make the race.

Moynihan's support extends well beyond his base in conservative labor. Among Jews, his actions in the United Nations on the "Zionism is racism" resolution won him favor with many who believed that upcoming primary will be a bellwether; if Pat Moynihan does not capture the New York Jewish vote, they argue, it will be all the more difficult in the future to persuade non-Jewish politicians to speak strongly on Israel's behalf.

He will get very little of the black vote, however, a fact that his managers concede. Even before Moynihan announced, the New York Council of Black Elected Officials voted unanimously that he was "not acceptable" as a senate candidate. Their objections are based primarily on his widely misunderstood report on the Negro family authored by Moynihan while he served under President Johnson and a generally misinterpreted benign neglect memorandum on race and politics he prepared for Richard Nixon. Upstate, with Joe Crangle's reliable backing, Moynihan is unquestionably ahead and his managers talk reasonably of winning a majority of the primary vote there. The Moynihan campaign has raised no more money than Abzug's, but because he started later there is more of it left to deliver his media message in the final days.

Moynihan's advertising is being prepared by Tony Schwartz, a man who believes that political commercials must be designed to reinforce ideas and beliefs that the electorate already holds. When a candidate is best known for what he's done, that's what gets emphasis, and in this case it's Moynihan's blunt pro-American, pro-Israel, anti-détente outspokenness at the UN. "He spoke up for America. . . He'll speak up for New York," is the slogan. When he called Idi Amin a racist murderer, Pay Moynihan made the cover of *Time* magazine. And on his campaign literature, one photograph is prominently featured—Moynihan in his black pin-striped diplomatic suit seated behind the US placecard at the United Nations, his arm extended upward as if demanding to speak. "Most people remember what he did there that day," says Frucher, "and we just want to remind them." Schwartz confirmed that he is trying to get the film footage of that event for possible use as a television commercial. In one spot, Moynihan delivers the message himself. "Now when Idi Amin came to the United Nations he slandered American blacks. He cursed American Jews. He defamed the American democracy. And I answered back. Some people said I was too hard. But the next thing we hear of Amin he's at the Ugandan airport with the Palestinian terrorists threatening mass murder. Was that too hard?"

One radio spot that the Moynihan campaign has at the ready indicates an awareness that his record may contain some liabilities, namely his service in the administrations of Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford. "Our polls show us just how many voters are aware of this, and how much it's hurting us," says Moynihan's manager. "Most of the people who really care about this are hard-core supporters of Abzug, O'Dwyer or Clark anyway, voters we couldn't possibly reach."

Abzug's managers believed the electorate might be swayed by a reminder, some negative advertising they call it. "I'm preparing a commercial that's going to knock this Moynihan's jock off," says Ireland, "this fellow has been a Democratic Tokyo Rose for Nixon and Ford for eight years. Wait until you hear the voice of Richard M. Nixon singing the praises of Patrick Moynihan and vice versa."

Moynihan's answer is based on the belief that most voters will find no basis to blame him, a man who served four Presidents, for the sins of one, particularly when he was genuinely unscarred by the scandals of the later days of the Nixon administration. "When a President asks you to do something serious it's as if the American people ask you to do it and you've got to have a pretty good reason for not doing it."

Electability is the important underlying issue in the Abzug-Moynihan face-off. One veteran upstate journalist reports that polls showing Moynihan running ahead of James Buckley and Abzug running behind are being circulated with predictable effect in his area. Joe Crangle confirms the existence of the polls, and says that the margins are shocking some of the Democratic assembly candidates, all of whom must face reelection in November, along with a few Democratic congressmen who also face tough contests and would prefer that the ticket read Carter-Mondale-Moynihan to keep voters pulling straight Democratic levers. Bella's backers, on the other hand, believe that Moynihan may have difficulty unifying Democratic liberals behind his cause and may thus look less electable after the primary. "When you nominate

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Patrick Moynihan, you give away every issue you need to beat James Buckley," says one.

The electability argument may have some influence, particularly because the Democrats in this state have lost US senate seats so often, but it is really a contrivance. Nor will it matter a great deal to most New Yorkers who have demonstrated often in primaries that they vote for their first choice with relish, regardless of whether the candidate they pick has the look of a winner. The polls show Moynihan ahead of Buckley, but they also indicate that Bella is not far back, and that Buckley is vulnerable to whoever wins.

Ken Bode and William Straus

Carter's Plan to Shake up the Bureaucracy

The Efficiency Expert

by Eliot Marshall

When ABC reporter Sam Donaldson buttonholed Jimmy Carter the night of his nomination and asked how long it would take to accomplish everything he'd promised in his acceptance speech, Carter said he thought he could do most of it in his first term. For a moment, Donaldson seemed stunned. It was the kind of flat assertion experienced men do not make. Yet it is the kind of remark that Jimmy Carter makes repeatedly. Voters seem to admire him for it. This eerie self-confidence seems to be an important part of Carter's appeal. He is firm where others appear cautious. He makes bold predictions, but at the same time he is tremendously reserved about the details of his programs. He is certain about his objectives, but does not reveal how he will reach them. This sets him apart from his fellow Democrats and from Jerry Ford.

The boldest of Jimmy Carter's promises is that he can clean up the "horrible bureaucratic mess in Washington," and furthermore, that he will do it in one term. As a token of his good faith he cites the fact that he actually did reorganize the Georgia state government in two years of hard work (1971-1972) during the first half of his term as governor. That is the record on which he ran in the primaries, and virtually his only credential for claiming he is fit to govern the country. He brought the state administrative system out of antiquity and remade it according to a model of efficient corporate management, circa 1970, borrowed from Texas Instruments, Inc. He did this despite bitter opposition from dug-in Georgia bureaucrats and their friends in the General Assembly. More than one man called Carter a dictator during that struggle. But Carter won most of the battles, and with wide vote margins. Whether he made Georgia's government efficient is not as clear as the fact that he made it different—in his own image. Since then, of course, he has proved his ability on a national scale, beating back some very capable leaders of the Democratic party one by one. He is now preparing to do the same to the Republicans, no matter whom they nominate.

Although Carter has widened the base of his campaign since January, the essence of his promise is still that he will track the bureaucratic beast to its lair and slay it. He speaks emphatically of the "mess in Washington," the "scandals," the "disgrace" and the "shame" of mismanagement that he will sweep away. He still refuses to move his staff headquarters to the capital, implying that he has a special perspective as an outsider that no one who lives within the pale can have. It is as though mere contact with Washington might infect him with its problems and obscure his crystal-clear vision. He is still rooted in Georgia and his vision remains pristine—to institute "tight, businesslike management and planning techniques" in government.

Many doubt the sincerity of his promise. Good management, according to the cynics, is only a gimmick that Carter uses to neutralize his opponents, most of whom are associated in one way or another with the policies he intends to do away with. But the doubters may be wrong. Given Carter's record, we would be well advised to take him at his word. The greatest mistake may be to underestimate his determination. If there is a flaw in Carter's character, it may be that he believes too sincerely in his causes and trusts too implicitly in his ability to cut through complex issues and discern what is right and just. The evidence suggests that Carter does not like compromise, that he may indeed shake the bureaucracy to its foundations. If this happens, Carter could become as controversial a President as Franklin Roosevelt or Richard Nixon. It is all the more important, then, that one understand what he means by "tight, businesslike management," for that is

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Carter's creed.

Carter has talked about his management philosophy in general terms, but given few details of what he would actually do. The one concrete proposal he's endorsed is "zero-base budgeting" (ZBB), a money-tracking and decision-making method he brought to Georgia in 1972. The idea was developed originally for Texas Instruments by a business consultant named Peter Pyhrr. In simple terms, it requires that an organization's functions be broken down into neat "decision packages," and that each package justify its value to the organization at regular budget intervals or get the ax. Pyhrr wrote about his concept in a 1970 issue of the *Harvard Business Review*. Carter read the article and, impressed with what seemed an ingenious new tool, he asked Pyhrr to come to Georgia. Pyhrr agreed, and with the help of dozens of other management experts, a few enthusiastic bureaucrats and Carter himself, Pyhrr converted Georgia to the new system.

How well does ZBB work in Georgia? That is a matter of continuing dispute. The former state auditor, Ernest Davis, said recently that ZBB was "an excellent exercise in a way": it taught the new governor how the state government works—something he didn't understand the day he was inaugurated. But Davis didn't think it had reduced costs much. The present state auditor, Bill Nixon, is less critical of ZBB, but he concedes that it's impossible to make any comparison between the efficiency of the present system and the one in effect before Carter's time. The government and budget have been changed so drastically that comparisons aren't possible. Furthermore, Nixon said, it's hard to forecast future expenses because the state has not accumulated enough historical data under the new system to make good predictions. In terms of net costs, the Georgia budget for 1976 ran a modest surplus, but some quick shuffling had to be done to achieve it. When it became clear that the state was headed for a serious deficit last year, the current governor called a special session of the general assembly late in 1975 and slashed state expenditures by $150 million.

There was another problem with ZBB. Although it worked smoothly enough at Texas Instruments, it proved a bit unwieldy when applied to an entire state budget like Georgia's, which is larger and more complex than a corporate budget, and—more important—diffuse in the purposes it serves. Former auditor Davis explained that when Texas Instruments' budget was carved into ZBB chunks, only 200 or so "decision packages" were created. But when ZBB was applied to the state of Georgia, it produced thousands of packages. A single large agency grinds out hundreds of them each year. It's not at all clear that carving up state functions to fit the ZBB scheme made the budget any easier to understand or control. It has kept Georgia bureaucrats busy and befuddled for years, but it will be some time before we know whether it slowed the waste of state funds. Jimmy Carter has said that if he's elected President, he will issue an executive order requiring all federal agencies, bureaus and commissions to adopt the ZBB system. Imagine the paperwork.

Carter has been fairly specific about one other proposal: consolidation. He would like to combine about 1900 scattered federal agencies into larger units to make a total of 200—a change that he thinks will make the system easier to control. He hasn't said which agencies would be killed and which saved because he can't take time off from the campaign to do that kind of detailed analysis. He has no plan, in other words. But he has given some examples of what he would attempt to do. During the primaries he suggested that 72 federal health agencies might be boiled down to a "gracious plenty" of two. Forty-two education agencies might be consolidated and taken out from under the jurisdiction of HEW. If the pattern used in Georgia is followed, he might combine all "human resources" (welfare, prisons, hospitals, rehabilitation programs) into a single lump. But again, the human resources department hasn't worked well in Georgia, and Carter might want to try some other approach in Washington.

Carter says that one of the first steps in his reform would be to ask bureaucrats and agencies to define and clarify their functions. Then, once that has been done, he would regroup the agencies according to function or output. Those that produce what in his opinion is insignificant work, or that duplicate the work of other agencies, might be phased out. At the same time, new agencies might be created to draw together workers from scattered offices who are not given enough clout in the present bureaucratic structure.

For example, one Carter aide said, they might want to put together all the people who predict food and resource shortages. But little else is clear. Indeed, nothing is fixed in Carter's plan at this point except his determination to make the shake-up comprehensive. He told a *National Journal* interviewer in July that he does not favor incremental reform: such efforts, he said, "are often foredoomed to failure because the special interest groups can benefit from the *status quo*, can focus their attention on the increments that most affect themselves, and the general public can't be made either interested or aware." He prefers the comprehensive (or radical) approach, for then "the special interests quite often back off because most of them don't want to be exposed to a public altercation against the people of a state or nation."

If Carter is elected, he may follow the technique he used in Georgia. There he had the legislature approve the principle of government reorganization before it had seen the details. It passed a bill that required Carter's plan to go in effect automatically unless the legislature could muster a two-thirds vote to veto it within 15 days of its presentation. Having won that at the outset, Carter spent his first year in office learning

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about the machinery of state government and devising his comprehensive reform. The package went to the general assembly in January 1972 and, after some hot skirmishes, came out with few changes. Although Carter's staff has already organized several task forces to prepare for the presidential transition, the reorganization of the federal departments and budget, it has not devised anything specific that it is willing to make public. That is to come later. One suspects that work will not begin in earnest until November, when Carter expects to be the President-elect. Then, if he has won, he will have the time and the mandate to begin a well planned assault on the bureaucracy. The truth is that the plan hasn't been written yet.

Jimmy Carter is an uncommon politician. His excesses, unlike those of some recent Presidents, are not those of a party hack. He does not bend to the pressures of influential lobbies. He prefers to initiate his own projects rather than to arbitrate between other peoples'. He is not a compromiser, but an enthusiast—a very stubborn one. Carter could become, as one reporter put it recently, a "McNamara with religion." The danger is not that Carter will forget his promises, but that he will keep them too well. Under pressure to live up to his grandiose predictions of government reorganization, he might snatch up the latest, shiniest management gimmick and try to force the government to swallow it whole. In 1970 zero-base budgeting was such a gimmick. Today there are many others, the most prominent of which is called "management by objectives," or MBO. It's derived from the philosophy of a business consultant named Peter Drucker. Like ZBB, it was originally designed for use in corporations, but it has already been adapted for use in certain federal offices, including HEW and some government bank agencies. I've seen no indication that Carter believes in MBO or any other comprehensive management philosophy—aside from his own. But he need not be a true believer himself to attract ZBB or MBO buffs to government or to force such a system on the bureaucracy. A great deal depends on whom he would appoint to the Cabinet and to sub-Cabinet jobs.

A Majority of Suppressed Minorities

Soviet Time Bomb

by Edward L. Keenan

Without any announcement or much notice in the outside world, ethnic Russians have, for the first time since 1917, become a minority within the multinational state that they dominate. Russians continue, of course, to comprise the largest single national group; they are roughly three times as numerous as the next largest nation, the Ukrainians; but, as the next scheduled census (1980) will reveal, several particularly dynamic current demographic trends will cause us to reconsider our perceptions of the social and political implications of ethnic diversity in the Soviet Union.

Americans have become quite aware that the familiar five colors of the cartographer's traditional palette often conceal, in places like Nigeria or Ethiopia—or even in Spain or Great Britain—significant and potentially explosive demographic cleavages. But they continue to display the tendency (acquired, one assumes, in school) to color the whole USSR red. Even *The New York Times*, that citadel of editorial accuracy, and the source of much excellent information about the non-Russian nations of the Soviet Union, persists in publishing obituaries of persons born in "Kiev, Russia"—a combination of words that strikes Ukrainians roughly as "Edinburgh, England" would strike a Scot.

It is not hard to establish the reasons for Americans' lack of awareness of such vital distinctions. Like other deficiencies of the common perception of the USSR, it arises from a lack of good information (assiduously concealed by Soviet authorities) and a tendency to conceive of the Soviet "ethnics" in terms of domestic analogies—as small groups of deracinated, ghettoized and "hyphenated" folk, who speak "dialects," who are moving toward Russification and the mainstream, and are distinguishable only to the trained eye from "real Russians."

Such has never been the case, and as the analysis of

Edward L. Keenan is director of the Harvard Russian Research Center.

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present demographic trends shows, most of the significant non-Russian nationalities (most of whose languages are no more like Russian than they are like English) are with each year becoming *more* attached to and concentrated in their historical homelands, *less* "Russified," and most important, more numerous.

Current figures and projections are somewhat difficult to come by, but even the results of the 1970 census, as interpreted by Lubomyr Hajdo of the Russian Research Center, yield the following interesting observations:

- While in 1970 the Great Russians still comprised some 53 percent of the population, the Great Russian population had increased only by 13 percent or roughly 15 million persons since the previous census of 1959, whereas the Muslim population (Turkic and Iranian peoples) had increased by roughly 50 percent or 13 million.
- The average percentage of Russian population in the nominal Muslim republics (the Uzbek SSR, Tadjik SSR, etc.) declined in the same period from 22 percent to 18 percent; indeed, in almost every republic—*except* the Russian Republic (RSFSR)—the proportion of "natives" is rising, as a result of demographic dynamism, the emigration of Russians, and the "ingathering" of local populations from neighboring republics.
- The "Muslim" populations are relatively young—and have accordingly higher birth rates; fully 52 percent of the "Muslim" populations were under 15 years of age in 1970, the corresponding figure for Russians being only 28 percent.
- The national relationships by age groups show remarkable changes in the intercensal period; while the ratio of Russians to Muslims in the one to 10 age group was 5.4:1 in 1959, it was only 2.57:1 in 1970; to cite an extreme but indicative example, the proportion of Uzbeks to Russians in my son's generation (age one to 10) is almost *five times* that in my own age group.

Figures and trends like these have caused such thoughtful, if dissimilar, individuals as Andrei Sakharov and Andrei Amalrik to rank the "national question" as the second most important problem facing Soviet society (after the staggering economy), and prompted Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn to formulate one of his most controversial proposals—for the "return of Russia to the Russians," that is, the dismemberment of the USSR.

Mere numbers, of course, and even guilt among the most sensitive members of a dominant group, are insufficient to cause the resolution of such a problem, and indeed rarely lead to even small improvements. (The Russian empire, somewhat less than 50 percent Russian, and after 1905 essentially without political censorship, remained fully in control of the "national question.") But as the 20th Century has repeatedly shown us, it is what happens in the minds of men that brings change. What then is the current and prospective condition of the social, cultural and psychological processes that commonly produce the ideas commonly described as "nationalism" and "racial tensions"?

Roughly at the turn of the century in most of the non-Russian nations with which we are concerned, there began to appear small groups of what we shall call "national revivalists." Like the first leadership generations in other "emerging nations," these individuals were in fact atypical of their own national groups, "Europeanized" or "Russified" and rather deeply influenced by Western notions of nationalism and nativism, ideas that one then traced to Ernst Renan. As a rule, the Slavic and Baltic groups were most significantly affected by German and Slavic branches of this tradition (including, ironically, Russian Pan-Slavism); the Asiatic groups, like the Young Turks whom they emulated, were influenced by French trends.

These tiny groups emerged for the most part from Russified urban elites and saw the path of "national revival" as leading to two objectives: the rejection of alien (Russian) political hegemony and the "modernization" of their nations through an escape from "tradition," whether social, religious or cultural. Under the circumstances of the interrevolutionary period (1905-1917), the most effective of them tended to join both the "liberal" constitutional coalitions and the socialist parties—but not the Bolsheviks. These alliances offered a refuge for the enemies of Russian imperial national policies in what Lenin scornfully called the "prisonhouse of nations," as well as ideological support for the social and economic changes that the "national revivalists" were pressing for in their native regions. These changes included breaking the economic power of local landowning, commercial and tribal elites, whose leadership had been coopted by the imperial system; destroying the power of religious and "traditional" establishments, which the "revivalists" saw as impediments to national development; introducing mass literacy in local languages in technology, hygiene, etc.

The collapse of the Russian Empire led in the most developed regions to the formation of independent republics: some Socialist, others simply national. But, in a grinding process of restoration that lasted from 1918 to 1940, the Bolshevik leadership crushed these fledgling national parties and independence movements as they did all other parties and forms of independence, and, by the end of World War II when the remaining fragments of the old empire were gathered in, reestablished Russian domination.

The Stalinist "nationalities policy," characterized by severe centralization, strict standardization and a cultural policy determined by the slogan "national in form, socialist in content," was, like most of Stalin's policies, brutally enforced throughout the USSR.

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Native political and cultural elites were—like their Russian counterparts—effectively destroyed. The fabric of local religious and tribal and family life was wantonly rent in waves of forced social and economic change. In some cases, whole ethnic groups (the Crimean Tatars, the Volga Germans, the Chechen-Ingush) were forcibly deported from their homelands.

The scales of history, however, are complex spring-scales, whose most resilient coils are the eternal renewal of human culture and the indestructability of the spirit. And it is now becoming clear that the very "success" of the Stalinist policy—for it achieved its objectives, at great cost—has set in motion forces that will sorely strain the Soviet system for decades to come.

"Success" here must be measured against the original Soviet objectives, which were (in a mix that varied with region): to destroy effective movements of national liberation; to eradicate "feudal" and "national-bourgeois" social elements that had supported such movements; and to bring these areas, particularly the non-European ones, "into the 20th Century" through massive programs of industrial and social-overhead investment. As any visitor to the non-Russian areas can observe, the results, particularly under the last rubric, represent a most impressive achievement.

The ironies associated with the achievement, however, are no less striking. For as one reflects on the current broad trends in the non-Russian republics, it seems clear that the Stalinist policy has accomplished what the martyred "national revivalists" had set out to do—with a speed and thoroughness that was beyond their fondest dreams: it has created the economic, social and cultural preconditions for the emergence of truly modern nations; it has, willy-nilly, broken the barriers to modern nation-building that so frustrate the leaders of emergent nations around the world.

Stalin's policies destroyed the older native political elites, but these were, like the first leaderships of many former colonial areas, isolated and atypical groups, Westernized and brought into contact with nationalist ideas in St. Petersburg, Paris, Berlin or—in the case of Turkic groups—Constantinople. And in their places Soviet policy has created new elites—corrupt and Sovietized at the top, it is true, but socially and culturally representative, broad-based and linked through common experience with their nations in a way that the previous leaderships could not be—and indeed few non-European leadership groups are anywhere. There is another irony. While the career patterns of Russian party functionaries, because of the felt need to have Russians represented in the local hierarchies, tend to be "all-Union" (Brezhnev's climb included stints in the Ukraine and Moldavia), the careers of non-Russians, particularly non-Slavs, tend to be tied to their locality and nation. The fact that the Asian and Caucasian representatives (Kunaev, Abaev, Demirjian) outdid all others in obsequiousness and mendacity in the speeches at the last Party congress is probably less an indication of the weakness of their power base than a sign of the price they are willing to pay to retain it.

But the ironies are greatest in a third area—those aspects of social and cultural life where, under the slogan "national in form, socialist in content," Russians forced on the lesser nations a standard Soviet culture modeled on their own. It is already evident that by suppressing the embryonic modern literary languages and literatures that the "national revivalists" had created, the Russians have created in their place far more effective, demotic and widely popular ones, the hallmarks of modern national cultural life.

I have already mentioned that, at the beginning of this century, the nations that now comprise the USSR were not socially or culturally integrated: the masses, illiterate and primarily rural, were isolated from those tiny elites who lived in towns, controlled the native society, wrote and published (with difficulty) in the local literary language. There were for practical purposes no Byelorussian or Azerbaijani doctors, lawyers or bourgeois (traditionally, the quintessential "nationalist" class); in general, as a Byelorussian became a doctor or whatever, he also became culturally a Pole or a Russian; the Azerbaijani, a Persian or a Russian.

The lack of national consciousness and integration was even more striking in other respects. Divided by dialect differences and lack of communication, large numbers of the populations did not even conceive of themselves as "Byelorussians," "Uzbeks" or members of any "nation" as the term is now understood. As the studies of ethnographers and census-takers as late as the 1930s showed, locals would answer the question about nationality by saying "I'm local" (*la tuteishi*) or "I'm a Muslim," and they had not the least inclination to identify with their urban intellectuals, or even with the more formal aspects of their national history and culture. Being illiterate, they were not even familiar with this heritage. Indeed, when, in the early Soviet period, border commissions comprised for the most part of quite reputable scholars set out to establish the national boundaries of the present republics in the USSR, they had the very devil of a time delineating plausible borders and often had to resort to traditional boundaries or cartographers' conveniences. (The claim of nationalists that the results were decisively influenced by the principle of *divide et impera* is exaggerated.)

Once the national republics had been created, however, and once the ponderous apparatus of Soviet social and cultural institutions was established in each republic and national area (some nations, such as the Volga Tatars, have Autonomous Republics within the Russian Soviet Socialist), the colossal forces of integration and nation-building were released. There can, of course, be little question that central control of social and cultural policy meant that local languages were

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generally "Russified," and that the content of books and teaching materials was censored, wretchedly distorted, and in general made as much as possible like the pap the Russians served themselves. In addition, strong pressure was exerted to encourage the learning of Russian.

But as the most recent census data makes clear, in the long term these policies have produced not the withering away of national languages and cultures that was feared by the opponents of the policies, but rather the spread and consolidation of the most vigorous national languages—sometimes at the expense of the languages of very tiny neighboring minorities. Thus, for example, although Russian continues to spread as a second language, language shifts (*i.e.*, the number of individuals of a given nation who declare as "native" some other language) indicate that as a general rule it is the dominant *local* language that is the gainer. Thus, for example, in the Uzbek Republic, where the official Uzbek literary language is the language of instruction, administration and common daily use, such minorities as Kara-Kalpaks, Kazakhs and even some Russian and Ukrainian groups in rural areas are in fact becoming "Uzbekicized." A similar process is underway in Byelorussia, where between 1959 and 1970 the number of Poles who claimed Byelorussian as their native language climbed from 47 percent to 76 percent. Even the Volga Germans, who preserved their language and culture for two centuries in their original Volga settlements but were exiled during World War II to Kazakhstan now find their children abandoning German for Kazakh.

Thus in many areas, the establishment of official literary languages—like all literary languages, somewhat artificial and learned—has not only permitted the introduction of near-universal literacy, but has also fostered the sense of a common linguistic and literary heritage, reduced the variety and degree of dialect differences, and even brought to bear on small alien populations the usual forces leading to language change—standard schooling, influence of the media and career opportunities.

The formation of compact, integrated and homogeneous language communities is of course one of the most important steps in modern nation-building. But there are others no less important: the growth of self-awareness in a historical context and the awareness of a shared, unique, native literary and spiritual culture. In these areas, too, the effect of official Soviet policy has been most helpful. For although curricula, publishing plans and the trends of scholarship in the various republics have been determined in general from Moscow—indeed precisely because of this fact—they have tended to provide, ready-made and in translation, the modern apparatus for thinking of such matters in exclusively national terms. For just as each nation had to have its literary language, its academy of sciences, and its "national" theater (however contrived), so each developed on the Russian model its national history, its national heroes, its great national poet, etc., etc. It is true, of course, that the approved version of history and the choice of heroes dictated by official policy has been, to say the least, inauthentic. But far more important in the long run is the fact that the modern and European mode of dealing with such matters—in modern "national" categories—has been firmly established. As a result, millions of schoolchildren whose parents were not even quite sure to which "nation" they belonged are being taught in a standardized national language about the glories of a national past and are reading their national literature, including, often, the truly classic works from the pre-Russian period, in languages now discovered as their own. That some of the designations of writers and heroes who in their own time would never have thought of themselves as members of any such broad and heterogeneous sociocultural grouping as a "nation" are contrived (in some cases two nations have argued about who "gets" a certain medieval writer or hero) is of little importance. What matters is that the complex process of national revival, social integration, and cultural consolidation that the "nationalist reformers" of the beginning of the century dreamed of has taken place as a by-product of Soviet official policy.

Of course, one price of these gains has been the loss of that national political autonomy for which the early nationalists also fought. There is, further, little reason to believe on present evidence that the Soviet leadership will permit the growth of effective local political autonomy, or will hesitate to suppress groups or individuals that strive openly for it. But although the regime has "solved" the national problem in terms of its original objectives, the successful solution has created potentially greater problems. The government has created modern nations, local intelligentsias, provided modern concepts of national categories in historical and cultural life; in general, it has "brought these nations into the 20th Century." And what idea is more characteristic of the 20th Century than that of national independence?

The Soviet leadership is well aware of this problem. It is aware of the "demonstration effect" of national-liberation movements around the world, and its enthusiasm for such, once played heavily upon in the propaganda provided for the Central Asian nations in particular, has waned. Even American "ethnic" literature, particularly black literature, has, after a brief official vogue, been played down because of its "destructive" potential. The regime is equally aware of the danger of "spill-over" problems: a major factor in the decision to invade Czechoslovakia was the fear of potential effects on the neighboring Ukraine; the psychological effect of the creation of the State of Israel is a problem whose implications have still not been dealt with. The Soviets know better than anyone else that

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many of their national minorities straddle their borders, that Moldavians are by most criteria Rumanians, that the Azerbaijani are split almost evenly with Iran, that their Tadjiks are culturally and linguistically Iranians, that, finally, many of their Central Asian nations have compatriots in the Peoples' Republic of China. And, of course, they are aware that it is not only the Jews who have links to sizeable and vigorous diaspora communities in the Western democracies: in the United States, in particular, Ukrainian, Armenian, Latvian, Lithuanian and Byelorussian communities follow developments in the USSR, support *samizdat* publications abroad, and, on occasion, influence foreign policy.

Finally the Soviets are becoming aware of the fact that the major global problems and struggles that will shape the next few decades—the "North-South" struggle, the battle to achieve a solution to the food-fuel-population equation—will take place in some form within the USSR itself. Every lovely little Uzbek baby that is born and every little Russian that isn't makes it more difficult for the USSR to take a forthright stand on population growth in the international context. (Witness the USSR's alliance with the Vatican at the recent UN conference in Bucharest.) Every change in the price and international control of petroleum raises inevitable questions about the internal price and control of Soviet oil, which "belongs," in a sense, not to the Russians, but to Azerbaijanis, Bashkirs, Turkmen and Yakuts. Every fluctuation in the availability of food grains raises the question of the balance between the European agricultural regions and the Asian areas (no longer, as a result of their population explosion, self-sufficient), and the question of whether they should grow cotton, as the plan requires, or food.

The manner in which the Soviet system deals with these questions during the remainder of this century will be of considerable importance to us all.

Conservatives in Charge

The Elephant Graveyard

by Henry Fairlie

We are trying to find out what the Republican party is; and one way in which to approach the subject is to try to understand why the conservative Republicans are so ferocious in their denunciations of the influence of the "East," or the "Eastern Establishment," or "Wall Street" on the conventional leadership of the party. After all, one would expect a conservative Republican to approve of "Wall Street," indeed to see it as one of his functions to defend "Wall Street." But it is not so.

It is worth realizing that the attack, from within the Republican party, on what we now call the "Eastern Establishment" came long before Goldwater suggested that the Eastern seaboard should be sawn off and floated out to sea. It was bitterly denounced, from early in his career until the end of it, by Robert Taft, perhaps the most important Republican leader, both in his successes and in his defeats, since Theodore Roosevelt. The title of "Mr. Republican" was not given to him falsely.

This is the second of a series of articles by Henry Fairlie on the Republican party.

Taft was of course a Midwesterner, and as early as 1928, after the election of Hoover, he wrote a letter to his father in which his bitterness against the East as such, although in this case the East as represented by the forces of Al Smith, was spat out: "I am looking forward to reading *Life, Time, The Nation,* and *The New Republic*, and seeing how they take the result. The discomfiture of the Eastern intelligentsia gives me as much pleasure as that of the radical farm leaders." A man who, even in 1928, could lump *Time* and *Life* together with *The Nation* and *The New Republic* was creating a political symbol of something he feared or detested, or both.

By the time he first ran for the nomination of his party in 1940, to be defeated by Willkie, he accurately enough fixed part of the credit for Willkie's victory on the way in which he had been sponsored by the "Eastern Establishment." "More than ever," says his excellent biographer, James T. Patterson, he [Taft] suspected Wall Street financiers, syndicated columnists, mass circulation magazines, and Eastern intellectuals." He was not alone. In 1940 also, Sen. George P.

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Nye of North Dakota spoke darkly of the Eastern forces that he said were raising huge sums of money to defeat him.

In 1944, Taft had the same complaint. As Dewey took an insurmountable lead in the struggle for the nomination, he wrote to a friend that Dewey "comes from New York and sees the group opinions there as much more important than they are." As his biographer again says, "Taft's instinctive distrust of Eastern Republicans . . . was rising uncontrollably to the surface," and in 1944 as in 1940, it merely seemed to him that "a New Yorker representing the Eastern wing of the party had triumphed over the stalwarts from Ohio."

His complaints had a justification. Both in 1944 and in 1948 Dewey relied almost exclusively on advisers from New York state and in the "Eastern Establishment"; he seemed almost to be willing to throw away the rest of the country. On June 29, 1948, after Dewey had been nominated, Taft wrote to Dwight Green, the governor of Illinois: "I urged your name on Tom Dewey [for the vice presidential nomination] but I got little response except that you were too closely connected with the Chicago *Tribune*. Tom's whole concern seemed to be about carrying the Atlantic seaboard, and he seemed to be afraid of all Midwestern candidates because they were too 'isolationist.'" On the same day he wrote to Katharine Kennedy Brown, a long established member of the Republican National Committee: "I am chiefly afraid that he will pay too much attention to the Eastern newspapers, which seem to have created a lot of wholly false issues."

In 1952 his struggle against the Eastern influence in his party culminated in his head-on collision with the forces that nominated Eisenhower. The same businessmen in the East who had helped Willkie against Taft and Arthur Vandenberg in 1940, and thrown themselves behind Dewey in 1944 and 1948, were now rounded up by Dewey behind the general. As he went down to defeat, Taft wrote to his friends that "the main Eisenhower men seem to be the international bankers, the Dewey organization allied with them, the Republican New Dealers, and even President Truman. Apparently they wish to be sure that, no matter which party wins, they win." And again: "My greatest handicap in this whole campaign has been the solid backing of General Eisenhower by many of the Eastern papers and others throughout the country as well as a majority of the national magazines, syndicated columnists and commentators." Over 12 years and four campaigns for the nomination of his party, Taft saw the enemy, and it was *them*. In a way, it was he who drew the line of the rift that has divided the Republican party ever since.

By the time the 1960s came, seven years after Taft's death, Goldwater and his supporters were in full cry against the "Eastern Establishment." Some of the attacks were savage. L. Brent Bozell wrote in 1960 that "the Republican Party is controlled by the kind of people who would rather win with anybody than lose with somebody congenial. Such people tend to live in the East. Some of them represent financial interests with peculiar reasons for wanting victory for victory's sake. Others are politicians, and in the East the GOP politician tends to be more pragmatic and less ideological than his counterpart in the Midwest and West."

Four years later, when Goldwater announced his candidacy, the *National Review* hailed him as a "Republican politician who aspires to the Presidency and does not first shrive himself in the waters of Wall Street. . . He durst not resist the call which was heard right over the potent voices of the Eastern Curia [from Americans] asking primarily for their own emancipation from the decadent East." Rockefeller was denounced as the nominee of "the Eastern king-makers," and he himself as "the manicured Eastern plutocrat." One may say in passing that the image that this lusty language creates of the Buckley family at the *National Review* as the spokesmen of unmanicured *sansculottes* is affecting if unexpected.

The same battle against the East has been fought within the Republican party again this year, even if the language has been more subdued than in the 1960s. The map of the division of delegates between Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan is one that Taft would have recognized. For 40 years the battle has raged, consuming the energy of the party and paralyzing it, and it is still unresolved. This must tell us something of the nature of the beast.

Let us leave aside, for the moment, questions of sectional interests, and of demographic shifts from one part of the country to another. We should not always keep our heads among the grass roots, where the pollsters search for their truths. Leadership also counts and, more than any other factor, it is the failure of the liberal or *urbane* leadership of the Republican party since the New Deal that accounts for the continuing disaffection of the conservative movement within it. Even at the simple level, that a party likes to win with candidates who come from within it, and are not plucked from outside to rescue it, the "Eastern" leadership of the Republicans has been unbelievably inept.

We are telling the story of 40 years of mismanagement of a great party; and 40 years back we must go. Alf Landon was by no means a political fool, although that is what his reputation is likely to remain as the result of his crushing defeat in 1936. But he was not much of a strategist, or a campaigner, or a leader. As the country waited to hear from him after his nomination, Westbrook Pegler announced that he was a Missing Person, and issued the following description: "Height: average. Weight: average. Complexion: average. Habits: average. Birthmarks and scars: average."

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It would be wrong to call Landon a nominee of the "East." His candidacy was initially promoted by a group of men from the Kansas City *Star*, the Arkansas City *Traveler*, the El Dorado *Times*, the Salina *Journal*, the Topeka *Journal* and the Iola *Register*, which do not together constitute what is generally meant by the "Eastern Establishment" press. In fact, in spite of the grim work John Hamilton had already begun at the National Committee, the Eastern leadership of the party was demoralized in 1936, not only by the Great Depression, not only by the unnerving impact of the first four years of the New Deal, but by the inroads the Democrats had begun to make into the previously Republican strongholds in the Eastern cities: first at the crucial election of 1928, when Al Smith "drew a line across the political map of the United States which has not yet been erased," the significance of his victories then to be confirmed in the midterm elections of 1930 and 1934 as well as by Roosevelt's triumph in 1932.

But in spite of the fact that Hamilton and Frank Knox, who was Landon's running mate, believed that they were engaged in "rebuilding a conservative party," the Republican campaign of 1936 was the first to lay down the strategy of the conventional party leadership for the next 28 years. The primary strategy was to hold the Republican vote, which had remained solid in 1932, to attract the agricultural vote, which was disaffected by the Agricultural Adjustment Act, and above all to win back progressive Republicans, the Independents and disgruntled Democrats who had given Roosevelt his first majority.

In accordance with this strategy, the Republican platform was "definitely liberal," said William Allen White: "much less liberal than Landon had asked, but much less conservative than his Eastern friends had hoped for." The comment of this shrewd if eccentric Republican is interesting because the Eastern leadership of the party was in 1936 still perceived as conservative. As early as August 10, 1935, Landon himself had said that, although people were turning against Roosevelt, "they are also just as much opposed to the old-guard leadership of the Republican Party."

But it was after the overwhelming defeat inflicted on this first "me-too" strategy that one could see the change begin, as the Eastern leadership moved, not to reject, but to reinforce "me-tooism." After the election, *The Washington Post*, then an Eastern newspaper in the Republican camp, proclaimed: "The liberal direction which Mr. Landon had given to Republicanism augurs well for a further regeneration [of the party]." But it was the alarm of some of the party leaders in the East, at the erosion of the very foundations of their power in its big industrial states, that was most telling.

A month after the election, Hamilton Fish told the Republican State Committee of New York: "For 16 years the party that we belong to has invariably fought Franklin D. Roosevelt and Governor Lehman, and the result has been that we have not elected a Governor in 16 years. . . I want to keep the door open and not shut it to the wage earners and the liberals." At the same meeting, Laurens Hamilton spoke meekly of "the important work that is to be done under our form of government by an opposition party."

The voices from the East were like a chorus. Harold G. Hoffman, the Republican governor of New Jersey, said that "the Republican party is hampered by leaders who are still living among cobwebs and mothballs." Even Hamilton, who was still working to rebuild a conservative party, confided, "I think that the Republicans will have to recognize . . . that they have lost the pulse of the people." Nicholas Murray Butler, one of the deans of the "Eastern Establishment" and the president of one of its universities, proclaimed: "There isn't any Republican Party any more, and there hasn't been a Republican Party for a long time." Out of their frustration, the editors of *Fortune*, a much more significant Republican organ then than now, asked: "What can the Republicans do?" and answered: "They can disappear."

Out of this despair was born, primarily in the East, the philosophy (if it can be called such) and the strategy of the liberal Republicans, which was to carry the party from defeat to defeat, until it plucked a general back from Europe to try to save it. "When the Democratic Party was at its most unhappy, it had at least a home," moaned the editors of *Fortune* in February 1937, meaning the South and the great city machines. The real condemnation of the liberal leadership of the Republican party, accounting for much of the conservative bitterness against the "East," is that a whole 40 years later, it still does not "have a home." Even today, in the battle between Ford and Reagan, it has still been two homes divided against themselves.

On April 27, 1937, in a letter to Hamilton, Landon crushed an attempt by Herbert Hoover to call a special party convention to consider Republican policy, saying that it would be a meeting of "ghosts from the boneyard." In another letter on September 13, he said: "If you had a Republican convention, who would you have as the front row on the platform? Pat Hurley, Jim Watson, George Moses, Herbert Hoover. Read 'em and weep." Hamilton turned with dedication, and with a conservative but not a reactionary intent, to rebuild the shattered party; but only to have his work destroyed by the eruption of Wendell Willkie.

It is worth saying more of Willkie. Here we can see the connection between political character (or the lack of it) and political principle (or the lack of it). In his diaries, Henry Wallace tells us that, at a luncheon at the White House on May 22, 1943, Winston Churchill said that "Willkie reminded him of a Newfoundland dog, rushing into the water, and coming out again, shaking himself, jumping up on the ladies and putting his paws on their shoulders, wagging his tail and sweeping all the dishes off the table at the same time." At which

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Roosevelt quoted Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, whose judgment of character was at least feline, as saying that Willkie was a "perpetual adolescent."

Willkie was a poseur. Olsen and Johnson, then at the height of their popularity as entertainers, met him once and announced that they were for him because he was a "born actor." Roosevelt appears to have played with him, affecting a measure of admiration and even affection, but more amused by him than anything else. The memoirs and diaries about Roosevelt have to be read with care: he said what he thought would placate his hearers, while reserving his true judgment. Between 1940 and 1944, he kept Willkie on a string, patting him now and then, exactly as if he were a dog. After Willkie had died, he told Wallace that "he did not think that Willkie was really a liberal." The hard-core New Dealers were contemptuous of the man. Eleanor Roosevelt told Wallace that she did not think much of him, and Harold Ickes leaped at every chance to go after the man whom *Fortune*, even while promoting his candidacy, had described as "the Mississippi Yankee, the clever bumpkin, the homespun, cracker-barrel simplifier of national issues."

If one wants to find Willkie at his boldest, it is in his remark about Stalin, after he had met him: "About the man himself, there is no need to be cautious. He is one of the most significant men of his generation." That is courage. That is insight. No wonder Churchill told Wallace that "Stalin saw through Willkie at once." As he addressed himself to the already growing problem of Arab nationalism and Palestine, Willkie said, "The pragmatic, realistic truth lies in the middle." That is the liberal Republican for you, and in Willkie he was finding his voice: the adamant statement of undefined positions on difficult issues. "He is spiritually most photogenic," said William Allen White, who was a master of damning fellow Republicans with irreproachable praise.

This is not just history; with Willkie we are very much in our time. Although he again came out of the Midwest, and was carried to the nomination by the *primitives* in the party's rank-and-file, he was sponsored from about 1937 onward by the "Eastern Establishment" press, from *The New York Times* to the Luce publications, that so infuriated Taft. In spite of his soothing liberal language about business, his own business record could not bear strict examination. (William Allen White said that, in this respect, he needed to claim a statute of limitations.) And his connections with "New York" were close. He was not "really a liberal," as Roosevelt said, yet his strategy and that of his supporters was to get returned to power by posing as a liberal. His soft political character and his soft political principle were joined, and this has all too obviously been the weakness of the liberal Republicans ever since; the reason they have remained as ingenuous and as pulpy as their first real standard-bearer after the New Deal. When Javits says that "the change for the better" in the Republican party, to a more progressive spirit, "dates from 1940, with the nomination of Wendell Willkie," he is in fact announcing the bankruptcy of the liberal wing of the party, which has never been more evident than this year, when no liberal is *there*.

If during the balloting for the nomination at the Republican convention in 1940, Dewey had dropped out of the race when he saw (say, after the second ballot) that his initial lead was slipping beyond any hope of recovery, Willkie might have been denied the nomination. But by the time, after the fifth ballot, that the Dewey and Taft forces asked for an overnight recess so that they might make a deal, it was too late. The chairman of the convention, the very same Joseph Martin who was later to be "rewarded" by Willkie with the national chairmanship of the party, was one of his supporters, and refused the recess.

What is one really to say of Thomas Dewey, twice the nominee of his party, who can hardly be blamed for losing the election in 1944, in the middle of a war, but can certainly be blamed for losing it in 1948? What can one say of him, except that, once again, the nominee of the "Eastern Establishment" of the party underlined the connection between lack of political principle and lack of political character. In 1940, Wolcott Gibbs caught him exactly in *The New Yorker*: "His face . . . has a compressed appearance, as though someone had squeezed it in a vise. His suits are custom-made but uninteresting, and always seem a little too tight for him. . . He is a hard man to imagine in a toga." A Republican woman four years later sharpened the criticism: "You have to know Dewey to dislike him." Eight years later, another woman, Lillian Dykastra, wrote home from the Republican convention at which Dewey had organized the nomination of Eisenhower: "[Dewey] is just about the nastiest little man I've ever known. He struts sitting down." In one of his campaigns, a man had shouted to him, "Smile, Governor," and Dewey had replied "I thought I was"; and that about says it all.

Dewey entered the convention in 1944 to the playing of "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," which as I.F. Stone observed at the time, "was laying it on a bit thick." But what one really wants to know is why the "Eastern Establishment" of the Republican party, from 1940 when he was first entered in the campaign for the nomination, until 1952 when he engineered the nomination of Eisenhower, allowed this little man (by any measurement) such prominence in the party: this man of whom Taft justifiably said that he had "no real courage," who in all his long career seemed to be guided by no perceptible political principle, who was rightly described at the time as "a cautious and fairly accurate opinion sampler." (But not accurate enough.)

Is it any wonder that the conservative Republicans—

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who watched this man unnecessarily confuse the issue against Willkie in 1940, then to lead the party to defeat twice in succession, then in 1952 lead the "Eastern" forces to reach outside the party for a candidate who cared very little about the party—where they not only hold him in perhaps more contempt than any other *urbane* Republican with the possible exception of Rockefeller, but condemn also the leadership that placed and sustained him in a position of such power and influence? Can one imagine the leadership of the Democratic party clinging so obsessively to a consistently proven loser?

It is by no means necessary to take the side of the conservative Republicans to recognize that they have a case, in calling down their anathemas against the "East," and against New York in particular. For 36 years, the leadership of the liberal and *urbane* leadership of the Republican party has, with the curious interruption of the Eisenhower years, been in the hands of two New York politicians: Dewey and Rockefeller. For 36 years, except when they reached to a general, neither of them has shown that he can reach the finishing post. For 36 years, the state of New York has been a curse within the Republican party, unable to carry the nation, unable to lose in a cause for which it is worth being defeated.

The story of the Eisenhower years—one of a protracted struggle between an apolitical President and the conservative wing of the Republican party—belongs to the next stage of this argument. When he left office in 1960, the Republicans were in a sadder plight than when Ike took office; and it was then that the conservative *primitives* in the party at last rebelled with fury. Their success within their own party has been greater than I, at least, would have predicted. Goldwater is entitled to say, as he did when he endorsed Ford for the nomination, that he could not see why the conservatives should tear the Republican party apart when it had two proven conservatives fighting for the nomination. The liberal Republicans are simply not at their party this year.

This seems to me something the voters will take into account this year. The signals inside the Republican party tell any and every potential candidate for the nomination in the future that the party is now subject to persistent and successful pressure, within itself, from its own right wing. Whether he wishes to be or not, any Republican elected to the presidency in November would be forced, willy-nilly, nearer and nearer to the positions of the conservative *primitives*. Perhaps this is the mood of the country—although I see little evidence of it—but what is certain is that, if the Republicans this year try to paint the Democratic ticket as too liberal, the Democrats are already in the position to paint the Republican ticket as under conservative duress.

There can be no doubt that a titanic struggle is taking place within the Republican party. It has been going on, only about one-tenth of it above water, for more than a generation. It is still not resolved. Within itself, the party is still on a collision course that could be as disastrous as the encounter of the *Titanic* with that iceberg. One has only to watch and listen to John Tower, his eyes glistening at the thought of a Ford-Connally ticket before the convention, to sense the certainty and even the ruthlessness with which the conservative Republicans will use their new power.

But the point to hold at this stage of the argument is that the liberal Republicans have deserved their obliteration in this crucial year for themselves and for the Republican party as a whole. They have been the custodians of their party for almost half a century; they have given it neither philosophy, nor purpose, nor direction, nor conviction, nor real success. The only two candidates whom they have assisted to win have been either not associated with the party or estranged from it. They have been palsied, they have faltered; they have for 40 years not demonstrated that they believe anything, or trust or like or even know their party. Again and again, they pushed Taft down the disposal. But almost every theme Taft developed out of personal conviction—his own ultimately generous attitude to public education and public housing, his warnings against excessive American intervention abroad, not least in Indochina, his tenacious struggles against the aggrandizement of the presidency; and so on, and so on—they would now belatedly like to use.

There are men in public life who deserve to be dismissed with scorn, as Tocqueville dismissed the French politicians in 1848 who could not, until the eve of the revolution of that year, see what was happening around them. "The real cause, the effective one, that makes men lose power," he said in a speech in the Chamber of Deputies on January 29, 1848, "is that they have become unworthy to exercise it." He added that, in the old monarchy, "the class that was ruling then had, through its indifference, selfishness and vices, become incapable and unworthy of ruling." At least one can join with the conservative Republicans in directing that accusation against the "Eastern Establishment" of their party. They stand today—if they can be said to stand at all—on the ruins of a building in which they never believed, or which they never seriously attempted to build.

Whether the people of the country realize how completely the conservatives in the Republican party have won the day remains to be seen. But at least it can be said that they have earned their right to a second trial before the electorate, for the liberal Republicans are as disheveled as their last and lost leader Nixon. It may even be true that, when Jimmy Carter chose Walter Mondale, he sensed not only the mood of his party, as has been said, but the nature of the animal he will meet after Labor Day.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

The Oxford Companion to Film ed. by Liz-Anne Bawden

(Oxford University Press; $24.95)

Oxford is such a hallowed and hallowing name that reference works from this press seem to carry invisible halos. Oxford has just published a film volume in its series of companions to the arts, and it's important to take a look at the volume before canonization sets in.

Edited by Liz-Anne Bawden, who is lecturer in Film at University College, London, the *Oxford Companion to Film* is in the same format as the theater companion and has 767 double-columned pages with illustrations. Its range is wide: biographies of film people of every kind, national histories, technical subjects, entries on 700 individual films (giving credits, brief synopsis and judgment), etc. I looked at every page and read a large number of entries. The tone is intelligent, the writing, except for an occasional surprising gaucherie, is adequate. Yet in this relatively cursory reading I found 30 errors of fact, most of which have to be called slovenly because they ignore common knowledge or easy checking. I also found at least an equal number of highly questionable opinions and decisions. It's reasonable to infer that close reading would produce many more items of factual error and dubious opinion.

No encyclopedia can be factually perfect or judgmentally satisfactory to everyone; it's taken for granted that such a work's publication is a progressive matter, beginning as well as possible and then improving through subsequent printings. But I'm concerned that the *OCF* didn't begin as well as it could have done. Here are selections from my fact and opinion lists to show why.

Facts.

The Actors' Studio was founded by three people, not two: Elia Kazan, Cheryl Crawford and (omitted here) Robert Lewis.

The *auteur* theory is not based on consideration "of thematic consistency and development" in a director's work but on stylistic consistency and development.

The *OCF* says that Chaliapin made the film of *Don Quichotte* in 1934 and "was unable again to sing in public." It was made in 1933, and I heard him in New York in 1935.

"Serious newspapers" in the US published regular film reviews before the 1920s. James Agee was not "in the forefront" (temporally speaking) of serious film critics in the US. Bosley Crowther has not been the film critic of *The New York Times* since 1967.

"All Italian feature films are dubbed, usually by a totally different cast." Usually dubbed, yes: but not usually by a totally different cast.

The title of Irene Dunne's last film was *It Grows on Trees*, not *The Grass is Greener*.

John Garfield's real forename was Jules, not Julian.

Lilli Palmer was Rex Harrison's second wife, not his first.

Why not include Rudolf Arnheim's year of birth? 1904.

Why omit Louella Parsons' year of death? 1972.

Gregory Peck's first film was *Days of Glory*, not *The Keys of the Kingdom*.

The entry on Joseph Schenck omits the professional highlight of his life, the five years (1923-28) when he managed Buster Keaton's own film company.

Gilbert Seldes' year of death is omitted: 1970.

Susan Sontag made two films in Sweden, not one.

James Stewart did not play "numerous starring roles on Broadway in the early thirties." He was a working Broadway actor.

Liv Ullmann (whose name is misspelled) was never married to Ingmar Bergman.

Opinions.

The *OCF* says that, by 1927, technical improvements, developed audience taste, and increasing refinement of acting style allowed Janet Gaynor to give a performance, in *Sunrise*, "that remains completely acceptable to modern audiences." I haven't room to list all the performances before 1927 of which that is equally true.

Even among Robert Altman's hottest admirers, few would agree that *Images* is "a remarkable exercise in psychological tension." Many think it a disaster.

Some disproportions of space: Joan Bennett gets 24 lines, but Henry Fonda gets 14 and Fredric March 13. John Houseman, an important producer for 20 years and lately an actor, gets none. Peter Bogdanovich gets exactly the same space as Kenji Mizoguchi—33 lines. Věra Chytilová, who has made two features, gets 98 lines, a column and a half. Alain Tanner, the strikingly gifted Swiss director, gets no entry of his own, only passing mention in the paragraph on Switzerland.

Julien Duvivier's entry doesn't mention the film that was his (and my) favorite, *La Fin du jour*.

The judgment of *La Grande Illusion* is grotesquely eccentric. "By using the romantic world of the First World War cavalry officer [the three principal officers are airmen] Renoir blurred his intended message, instead becoming engagingly caught up in the details of aristocratic refinement and their contrast with the sturdy independence of the proletariat. Even the realistic representation of prison life is diluted by fluid camerawork and the interplay created by the use of deep focus." There is no one orthodox "reading" of a film, but this opinion, so far from the general beliefs of the informed, belongs, if it belongs anywhere, in a personal book, not a reference work.

Most of the many black-and-white illustrations are muddily reproduced. The eight color illustrations are execrably reproduced; and two of the eight—no other film in the book is given

(continued on page 32)

Films Worth Seeing

All the President's Men. Two young reporters battle authority and expose corruption. Corny plot, of course, but briskly done.

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings. Black baseball players before Jackie Robinson. Untidy fun.

Le Magnifique. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jacqueline Bisset make Philippe de Broca's dim comedy sparkle.

Seven Beauties. Italians in WW II. Lina Wertmüller dares to take a tragically farcical look at tragic fact.

SK

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Women in Images

The dozen poems that follow were chosen from recent submissions to The New Republic *(two have been previously published, "The Contortionist" in* Poetry Now *and "Clytemnestra" in* Northwest Review*). They have been arranged as though they were parts of a larger poem: a poem on how women feel about being women and (or because of) how men feel about them. The poems make no claim to exhaust the subject. But they tell us of moments and moods as intense and quirky as the nature of things usually turns out to be, and specification of this kind should make theory or argument more cautious and finer. There is a sharp contrast, to begin with, between the first and second poems here: the bitter sisterly bucolic and the ruefully tender male day dream. The contrast is enlarged and edged by the next two: romantic worship in reckless new metaphors and a woman's first anxious wonder at being "us." Two reveries come next: one sumptuously feminine, the other mythical and murderous. Then there is a scene of crisis in three achieved sonnets. Then Girl as Interesting Object, Girl as Painful Case, an acrid incident at a dusting, a version of life after death, and a pattern of banalities yielding pathos and fear. Modest but truth-conveying works, worth pondering together.* —*R.F.*

Women are Best for Feeding Cattle

being tender-hearted, says the manual
on animal husbandry.
Husbandry?
Never, sisterhood of the udder,
motherhood, udderhood, phalanx of hot flanks.
In the warm body, barn I never leave,
I feel your breathing: it could be my own,
your hunger's mine. I kiss your velvet muzzle,
I bathe in your warm urine, oh my sister.

Why should I speak at all?
A moo says everything.
Ours is the world of shit and milk.
Padding, milk pudding upholstering our chests,
unites us, tit sisters,
slippery pink young
tonguing our outlets,
our warm turned faucets.

Only lactating mothers need apply.
If you sliced our chests
milk and blood would mingle oh so gently
into the pink of roses, noses, cherries,
pink of little girls' dresses.
Only we can undertake to feed
indeed.

Rachel Hadas

It takes more than stupidity to cause a disaster.

"Using the battlefield as his laboratory, he guides us through some particularly gory military experiments...and seeks a behavioral pattern that in some degree could be common to all unsuccessful commanders. In doing so he firmly removes that age-long prop which insists that military disasters and incompetence are only due to stupidity, and clearly indicates other more dangerous and serious causes...A practical guide for neo-managers in both private and public bureaucracies." —(London) *Times Literary Supplement.*

ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MILITARY INCOMPETENCE
Norman F. Dixon

Psychologist Norman Dixon presents a disturbing paradox: those very individuals most suited to military *life* may be least suited to military *leadership*. Are the personality traits most rewarded by promotion—obedience, rigidity, need for approval—capable at the command level of managing the great uncertainties of war? If not, why is this failure tolerated? Not only can military disasters be prevented, argues Dixon, but given the tragic stakes, they must be prevented.

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We Others

A bunch of slumming college professors,
six of us, boozing, bluffing at nickel-
ante, and she comes in, goes round
shaking every hand . . . now why should I
simply assume that something disgusting,
air of sweat and stables, cigars,
alerts her fine disdain, that she'd need
to get out, and quick, clearly not
her scene? I suppose I believe she could hardly
expect to be one of the boys; I think:

> they live in a weather of waiting, always
> lonely, somehow, endlessly bearing
> gifts to a raucous Presence who may
> despise them; *come after, come after,* say
> their fragrant glances: *follow this randy*
> *sweetness; this humid*
> *trail.*

Not one of us
likely to grab for her butt, or even
cause a laugh as she leaves (as she does)
by playing Groucho's Priapian part,
eye-rolling quips about full-bodied women;

and yet, as if by a pool in the mist,
while all of us reek with the oiled steel
of the hunt, I see her stand and distantly,
dreamily hear us pass, we others

who clatter along our crazy way
with our dogs and our horns and our horses.

Barry Spacks

Night Medallion

My woman is sharper than new truth,
a clean bullethole in thick glass.
Winter cuts its teeth on her, the sun
cuts its hand on her,
she's too hot for the beach, the golden sand
goes all to white crystal under her.

She's so proud, the full moon is her mirror.
When she turns from me I see her face
in the rolling window of heaven
and when she comes barefoot to my bedside,
holding a candle,
an elf skates on my heartstream.
Eager candle, milk my mind of treasons.
She's young and I want to fill her with the world.

Daniel Mark Epstein

The First Person Poems
2: February

Now something vague as apprehension stalks us:
a splash of blood, flash flood, bad news.

You, a simple cell cluster,
huddle against me
as though I were your mother.
You microscopic baby!
You could be gone tomorrow like a false lover.

Painfully alert, my nerves arched to an ache,
I lie awake all night,
keeping company with the insomnia
that's been waiting all day for me to bed down.

Insomniac, I stare at the moon,
framing her for hours under glass.
My window buckles under the wind's assault.
The moon bulges toward me, then recedes.
Precise as Mozart, she arcs steadily, unwavering.

The days pass and form a squad: a week, a month.
Each hour's our gain: baby, it's me and you.

Kate Jennings

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Swans in Repose

The swans on the river swim separately,
dark ripples of water spacing the white movement
of feathers and the graceful curve of heads sailing
the Avon or a quiet cove at Geneva and the peaceful
Kalamazoo. They ride my memory as I move
unimpeded in my own house. My windows see green;
my sounds hear only my clock ticking as though
I were lost in time, a slow-moving automobile,
and my pencil on paper. My nose remembers
fragrant ambergris on patio floors in Cordoba;
my lips taste of melons ripened in Michigan sun.
Without touching, my fingers feel smoothness
in the heads of carved ivory a black boy
sent me from Ghana, and the strains
of *Handel's Water Music* run through my mind.
Oh, I am in love with space and silence,
and I dream of swans white on the Minnesota,
the river fragrant with waterlily and lilac
as the river bends.

Ruth VanHorn Zuckerman

Clytemnestra

He offered my daughter
to contrary gods
then sailed off
with his rowdy friends
for another woman's honor
giving my own, and his ships
to the tossing winds.
And all day
I sat on the rocks
thinking and watching the sea
turn its deepest colors . . . .

Did I imagine it
or was he grinning
when he turned from me
to the blood horizon
showing me his broad back
the last time?

Today it is better I think he was.
And the current of his return
with this strange-eyed girl
bares even more my steely reefs.

O sweet revenge!
And some I have taken
on my sailing couch; today I sack
the rest.

My arrogant husband
will walk in, as they say,
like the ox, and buckle
his bony knees to stone
with his wooden whore
like Troy.
And since the day
of signal fires
a certain swing has been
perfecting me, lopping melons
and many-colored gourds . . . .

Listen! It is the girl outside. Singing
or crying? She chants
like my swan-taken mother . . . .
of men in a horse's belly? Of incest
and cooked children?
O she knows
the old gossip . . . .
Now she chants her death!
Can this babbling slut
smell their blood
before it is spilled?

Still these ten stone years
have honed me to this
busy day, teaching my horizon-watching face
to have nothing at all to do
with these deeper hues,

these glinting tides I have
that think like this sea-
colored steel I have edged
with my own hands.

Michael Niflis

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Binocular Vision

1

Peter has gone outside to clear his mind.
Inflowing water (over rocks, a beached
Boat, an abandoned beam with nails) has reached
The causeway where he stands. He sees defined
Every action: when in his anger, blind
To her strained face and deaf to what he preached,
Like some physician of past time he leeched
His dangerous excess. Alice was not kind.

Why should she be? What sort of love was that?
Each episode is focussed like a knife:
How he had ripped wallpaper from the wall
When she had guests, turned down the thermostat
And opened doors. He meant to turn his wife
Only to him, Adam before the Fall.

2

Alice picks up the phone but does not call
His therapist a hundred miles away.
Old lath and scratch coat in one place display
His violence. Afterwards he thought that all
Disruption could be conjured smooth by sprawl
And plunge. She thinks she will embrace this day
Till death and not the picnic at the bay,
The sun-warm rock. Upstairs there's Seconal.
Upstairs she holds the capsules in her hand,
Weighing their dark effect. Death frightened her
When she was twelve—loved, cared-for, healthy, bright—
Then disappeared. But now she lifts unplanned
Binoculars; she focusses their blur
And brings her foolish husband into sight.

3

That summer afternoon when more was right
Than there would ever be again, they took
Binoculars and manuals to the Hook,
Identifying birds. At first polite,
They suddenly unzipped each other's tight
Impediments and shamelessly forsook
The universe of lens and bird and book
And stayed there till the tide sent them in flight.

Peter does not remember his own pair
Looped from his neck this later, colder time.
She wishes he would turn around and view
Her watching him—the deep scattering layer,
The phantom barrier, sends back a chime.
Alice and Peter talk the whole night through.

Ralph Robin

The Contortionist

Amazing you say, Rubber Girl
in the side show, listen
to your rigid bones, crack
your knuckles,
daydream
elasticity, she swirls, shoves
out her tongue at you,
a rubberneck.
Her contours spent on bending
through a multi-angled box,
better than music running
from record through steel
to speaker, the carnie yells
lookadder, lookadder,
her head where you'd least
expect it, that's not wood
you see, those bars are blades,
sharpens em herself just before
the performance, she can pass
through without one scratch, quicker
than that, one hell of a snatch
you say, like to get her in bed
huh fella, twisted around like that,
makes her body into a fist, but
she's a contrary one, saves
herself for showtime.

Dara Wier

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Buck Teeth

They didn't even rest on the lower lip
But stuck out all the way like stalactites.
My tongue could never snuggle their backs;
My lower lip was buried like a bat.

The teeth were the colour of aging paper
Though I was young, and braces were tried
That bit my lower lip and woke the teeth
To tiptop pain. The dental visits stopped
Through lack of hope and money. The dentist said:
"As strong and solid as a horse's mouth."
He meant my unmoved teeth.

The name-calling kids
Cut worse than braces while I raged and fought
(the teeth never knocked back), then tried
Forgetting but took up smoking instead,
Bit pencil ends and covered my mouth
When speaking.

Kissing was terrifying.
I finally found the guts alright but not
That underlip. I made my career
My success and struggled through sex in books,
Then stammered my way into a calm marriage.
My dog is so domestic he is bored.

Still I turn away my face to smile,
Try not to laugh as clownish as I look.

Carole Kristel

Snap Shot

Dusting where I never dust,
a shelf of books I've never read,
a snapshot, like a pressed-leaf,
falls from loosened pages.

A summer picture
of you standing close behind me,
your arms wound tightly round me,
our faces tanned and smiling.
A black and white shot
but bright with sun
spotlighting us like actors in a stage-clinch.
A swimmer lies in background shadow.
He glances at us with indifferent frown.
He knows something that we don't know
on that faraway summer day.
He knows that I fit too snugly into your arms.
We love too long and well.
The sun is too bright on our smiles.
Our smiles are too deep and real.
We are too happy.
He is frowning at us from shadow
and we don't see him in the noon-shine
with our faces close and you say
saying something funny in my ear
and my body leaning on your body.
He knows how it will be when next
I see that photo.
It will be another summer day
like now
and the house and rooms will be empty
and you will be nowhere.
I will have other arms holding me
but just for a while.
They will touch and go.

Oh damn the dust and damn the shelves,
the unread books, the hidden room,
the snapshot stinging sharp as a drop of sun in my hands.
Damn the shadowed man who knew
the end
knew the end.

Mimi Brodsky Chenfeld

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The Widow's Halloween

The pumpkin's hollow head returns her gaze;
His yellow eyes are dancing in the flame,
And she, she has him on her window sill
Within a draft that flickers on his brain.

His jagged smile and diamond eyes
Are mirrored in the darkened panes,
Set to be seen, not see, to blaze before the wind
Or wither on the wick and snap black out.

Grinning backwards into the room,
On either side and looking in,
His gaze, she feels, was sharply cut
To burn beneath her dresses' hems

Or follow her when reaching for the broom;
She wears the latest fashions as her age
But feels the flicker of his gaze
And will not pass near him.

Wyatt Prunty

Fortunes Pantoum

You will go on a long journey.
You will have a happy and healthy life.
You will recover valuables thought lost.
You will marry and have many children.

You will have a happy and healthy life.
Your sweetheart will always be faithful.
You will marry and have many children.
You will have many friends when you need them.

Your sweetheart will always be faithful.
Soon you will come into a large inheritance.
You will have many friends when you need them.
You will succeed in your line of work.

Soon you will come into a large inheritance.
You will travel to many new places.
You will succeed in your line of work.
Be suspicious of well-meaning strangers.

You will travel to many new places.
A message from a distance is soon to be received.
Be suspicious of well-meaning strangers.
Important news from an unexpected source!

Do not take unnecessary chances.

You will meet a dark and handsome foreigner.
You have a fear of visiting high places.
Do not take unnecessary chances.
Your misunderstanding will be cleared up in time.

You have a fear of visiting high places.
Grasp at the shadow and lose the substance.
Your misunderstanding will be cleared up in time.
Sometimes you worry too much about death.

Grasp at the shadow and lose the substance,
You will recover valuables thought lost.
Sometimes you worry too much about death.
You will go on a long journey.

Jane Shore

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Books Considered

Mary Shelley: Collected Tales And Stories edited by Charles E. Robinson

(Johns Hopkins University Press; $15)

The recent flood of interest in the women's liberation movement has spawned a variety of literary ephemera, phenomena that are born and die with the day, though unlike ephemera they pass without the fruitful comfort of breeding. One must say so and at the same time deplore the tendentious meanness that would characterize the women's movement by such ephemera. Perhaps it would be favoritism to isolate any current production as a sign of lasting greatness, but it is certainly safe to point to important work of the past that has been recovered from an unjust and, even to the perpetrators, costly neglect.

Mary Shelley will at first blush seem a perfect instance of such a recovery. In fact, if she is coming into her own today, she has long and strongly held a place on the outskirts of fame. In 1862 Richard Garnett declared that the publications of her lifetime gave "but an inadequate conception of the intense sensibility and mental vigour of this extraordinary woman." By 1951—the centenary of her death—enough material had been generated and enough of a critical position taken to warrant the "reassessment" that Muriel Spark undertook in *Child of Light*. In that year, too, Spark and Derek Stanford joined in contending that Mary was "as exceptional in her own achievements" as her more celebrated husband, Percy Bysshe Shelley.

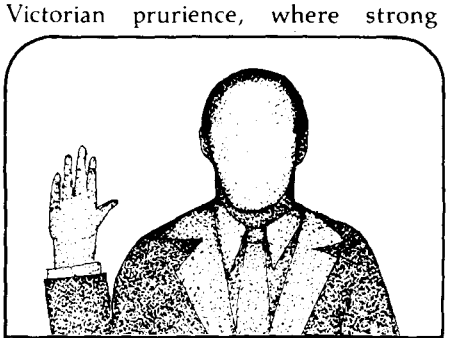
There is a problem, though, in trying to extricate Mary Shelley from a great and original poet's shadow by using him as a standard or a foil. He, after all, shared materially in her first published work, *History of a Six Weeks' Tour*, and assisted her significantly with her first major work, *Frankenstein*; and she used him as a character and as a source of incidents and ideas for two decades after his tragically premature death in 1822. It even appears that her earliest decision to write independently and meet her own experience and imagination forthrightly came all of a sudden through him. The nubile Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, though her father thought her "singularly bold," had been wont to mope around her mother's grave, communing presumably with herself, and had "scribbled" quantities of material as a "close imitator" of others.

But no sooner had she eloped with the already married Shelley than she commenced author in earnest (this maiden story, with the fascinating title "Hate," has never been found). In short, Shelley is too much bound up with her writing to be plausibly or harmlessly moved out of the way. Mary was hurt to the quick by Shelley's likening her to cold moonshine, but that image injures her posthumously if she is inexorably to be perceived in his light. Even William Walling, in his discerning and vigorous book, *Mary Shelley*, accords Mary little more in her own right than an obscure and underarticulated mistrust in Shelley's democratic idealism. And yet it seems probable that Shelley was more catalyst than cause of Mary's coming out as a writer.

Mary Godwin, whose birth deprived her of her mother, and whose stepmother lacked alike intellect and imagination and inclination to make up for the loss, had grown up in a bind between a smoldering resistance to domination and a pragmatic desire for dependence. Her uneasy standstill centered directly on Godwin, overbearing and overfamous as he was. When Mary came under Shelley's spell, she achieved or rather experienced a burst of liberation from Godwin, only to realize in Shelley a surrogate Godwin and thus a recrudescence of her irresolution. Her novella, *Mathilda*, ostensibly pits a father (biographically "Godwin") against a kindly, gifted young poet ("Shelley") in a contest for a young woman's ("Mary") devotion; but it is necessary to observe that this story, the third and last work Mary Shelley completed in her husband's lifetime, actually conflates the "Godwin" and "Shelley" figures in the father's person. In a sense Mary's moment of liberation ends in a double bind in her imagination. Shelley called the story, with its theme of incest, "poetical," while Godwin judged it "disgusting"; the two appear again in direct opposition in the blatantly autobiographical tale, "The Parvenue." It would have been simpler for Mary if the problem of reconciling them had been only diplomatic. In fact it was more cryptic and psychologically involved, and there is some justification for reading Mary's unwifely fascination with Byron and her later undignified infatuation with the opportunist Gatteschi as impulses toward breaking Shelley's (and Godwin's) darkened spell.

Shelley's death, his untimely final absence, would in this light have much the same effect as his original presence: a removal, albeit now infected with shock and grief, of complicated psychic constraints. What had been liberation-as-giddy-adventure takes the stronger form of liberation-as-imperious-responsibility (including that of providing for the infant Percy Florence Shelley). Charles E. Robinson's edition of *Mary Shelley: Collected Tales and Stories* gives an unmatched image of the practical and imaginative dimensions of that second, arduous liberation.

Most of Mary's shorter fiction was generated for *The Keepsake*, a posh annual that combined the features of a coffee table volume and the old *Ladies Home Journal*. A certain luxuriance of feeling and action was *de rigueur*, and in many cases one encounters a peculiar Victorian prurience, where strong



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carryings-on somehow conduce to moral edification. The overwrought surface does not lend itself to subtlety of perception, but Mary Shelley continually resorts to *praeteritio* to suggest volumes of interpretation beyond what the reader gets.

At its worst the *hyper* style sinks into the mushy macabre: "soon will the hand he once so fondly took in his and made his own, . . . now flung away . . . moulder in its last decay" ("The Parvenue"). At its best, indeed at its most typical, it is a way of achieving and stimulating expression of sentiments, attitudes, impulses, a whole body of personal energies that was often sealed up by social conventions, seeing the light of day mainly in the lurid costume of the Gothic. And the vehemence of expression was naturally proportionate to the force of repression; one of Mary Shelley's characters speaks of "a Vesuvius within me" ("The Mourner"), and Frankenstein's patched-up Being is a living witness to the intensity and complexity of feeling where none is taken into account. Rousseau gives a more than honorable lineage to the effort to fathom and represent the dimension of personal "feeling," and De Quincey's "impassioned prose" may justly be considered germane to Mary Shelley's style, which one should not so much scrutinize as participate in.

Not that the ritual of participation is an easy one. As difficult as Vesuvius may be from within, it can be uncomfortable as well as fascinating from without. Changeableness, let us say even eruptiveness, is the hallmark of Mary Shelley's stories; oppositions abound, as in "The Evil Eye," where the fertile and the barren, the prosperous and the stricken, the cheerful and the gloomy, the secure and the demented alternate so rapidly that they bewilder as much as stimulate the reader. "Transformation" could almost stand as a paradigmatic tale, and in it Charles the Sixth—"now sane, now mad, now a monarch, now an abject slave"—as a paradigmatic character.

Still there is ample evidence that the stories are under esthetic and formal control. Long before Joyce changed the shape of the short story from deterministic (written in a foreordained key) to metamorphic (the opening key of comedy seeming genuine and secure before it mysteriously secretes a note of terror), Mary Shelley was approaching such a mode ("The Sisters of Albano," "The Mourner," "The Smuggler and His Family"). Also she approximates the Conradian nest structure with double and even triple narrators in a few of the stories. "Euphrasia" is especially noteworthy here, as the different narratives play off tellingly on one another; the difference between Harry Valency's English mishap and his earlier Greek crisis affords hope for the English travelers while casting an ironic perspective on their fears—inconvenience in "travel" in England pales beside the genuine "travail" of body and spirit in the Greek struggle for integrity and freedom.

"Experience and suffering," Mary Shelley once declared, had curbed her tendency "to get *tousy-mousy* [enthusiastic as for a cause] for women," and she confessed to "lukewarmness in 'the good cause'" of advancing freedom and knowledge, the rights of women, and so on. And yet her stories may have engaged that cause at the most basic psychic level, where mere formal acceptance of women yields to acknowledgment of the powers of the feminine. This acknowledgment is made by Rousseau in *La Nouvelle Heloise* and by Wordsworth in "Nutting," and is essayed by Shelley in *Epipsychidion*. Mary Shelley advances it in stories like "Transformation" and "The False Rhyme" (with its courtly love setting) and "The Evil Eye," where the theme is all but explicit:

> *The Albanians are characterized as despisers of women; but Dmitri, in becoming the husband of Helena, inlisted under a more chivalrous rule, and became the proselyte of a better creed. Often he returned to his native hills, and fought under the banner of the renowned Ali, and then came back to his island home. The love of the tamed barbarian was concentrated, burning, and something beyond this—it was a portion of his living, beating heart—the nobler part of himself—the diviner mould in which his rugged nature had been recast.*

We are summoned here to see not a woman, but a feminine principle of civility and tenderness working *with*, as well as on, a too unconditionally "rugged" nature.

The forms in which this feminine principle becomes manifest in many of the stories may smack too much of sacrificial passivity for modern taste, but the recurrent image of a room or bower into which startling entries are made offers (besides a Freudian image of Mary's sexual loneliness) a convincing emblem of the feminine gift of inner space, with its values of protection and

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fruitfulness and treasure. Some characters are confined in convents or dungeons or frost ("The Bride of Modern Italy," "A Tale of the Passions," "Roger Dodsworth"), but this is a perverse use of the capaciousness of what is inward.

It needs to be said that Mary Shelley is capable of writing what can only be called melodramas of wish-fulfilment, as in "The Pilgrims." But her social and esthetic range and her artistic skill are beyond dispute. In the minor character of the lowly Monna Gegia, and in the portrayal of the life of Monna Gegia and Cincolo de Becari in "A Tale of the Passions" she shows both economy and pith; the shape of this tale, too, with new characters entering as new forces dynamically moving the action into deeper and richer waters, is little short of masterly. She writes a veritable comedy of manners in "The Bride of Modern Italy," which is closer, in spite of scholarly opinion, to Byron's *Beppo* than to Shelley's *Epipsychidion*. "The Heir of Mondolfo," written with uncommon pace and sharpness, almost emerges as a coherent Gothic pastoral (it would be of interest, in relation to romanticism, to study her use of nature as an indifferent if not ominous element in human affairs).

One ends up impelled to defend Mary Shelley against the charges that in the shorter forms of fiction her work shows "a paucity of serious ideas, . . . excessive sentimentality, . . . [and a] lack of creative vigor." To encounter the stories in Robinson's careful and thoughtful edition is to confirm that they bear rereading, and to form the conviction (since, in addition to a few stories here for the first time printed, positive attribution of others to Mary Shelley seems not unlikely) that we have yet to appreciate the fullness or the fineness of her gifts.

Michael G. Cooke

Michael G. Cooke is professor of English at Yale and is the author of *Blind Man Faces the Circle: On the Pattern & Philosophy of Byron's Poetry* (Princeton University Press).

Coming

Millicent Bell
on T.E. Lawrence

The Diary of Anaïs Nin: Vol. VI, 1955-1966 by Anaïs Nin ed. by Gunther Stuhlmann

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95)

"What mattered was this quest for the self, the emotional evolution, the overcoming of obstacles. . .the step-by-step struggle finally to come out of them into a state of freedom and harmony. . . When I was writing the diary, however, I felt I was doing a selfish, egocentric, narcissistic work—because I was being told that all the time. I never even knew. . .there was a tradition of [pillow book] diary writing. . .in Japan when women had no other way to express what they felt."

The passage above, from Anaïs Nin's *A Woman Speaks* (1975), gets at the heart of her current popularity as wise woman and diarist. Over the past decade her diaries have reassured many women that it is possible for a female artist to survive despite male antagonism. In the 1930s Otto Rank told her that women couldn't create because women couldn't destroy and urged her to quit the diaries she'd kept since childhood. For years, in France, New York, California, she nurtured other artists, mainly men—Henry Miller, Kenneth Patchen, Robert Duncan, James Leo Herlihy—pawning her typewriter to feed them, for fear that to refuse to nurture, to say no, I must do my own work, was selfish and unwomanly.

Paradoxically, one reads these diaries in part because of Nin's friendships with Miller and Durrell; her correspondence with Herlihy and poets in prison enlivens this latest volume. By the mid-1950s, however, such nurturing has grown free of both self-sacrifice and self-aggrandizement. Nor, despite anecdotes about Ginsberg, Leary and others, are the diaries a gossip feast.

They are, instead, what Nin calls her "thousand years of womanhood." Some vanity here: in her 50s, peeved Miller has divulged her birthday, she's pleased to appear younger than she is; but whereas in earlier diaries she relished being elusive and mysterious, she now prefers to be found serene. She still occasionally treats her psyche as if it were a cult object, but she displays less narcissism, more wisdom.

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much edited, loosely dated ("Spring 1958") and meditative. Although she can describe Paris or Marguerite Young at length, although she can be witty ("Gore Vidal is now a critic, which means he is cremating people"), Nin does not strive for aphorism or reportage. She is not, as she said on rejecting LSD as a springboard for creation, a "tourist" in a world of images. Instead she lives in a world already richly furnished, and as her descriptions of Venice and house interiors show, LSD was no revelation; unfortunately "Leary could not believe such states could be achieved without drugs." She deplores the grayness of flannel-suited America of the '50s into which the Beats and LSD flashed and delights in the Parisian irreverence of Tinguely's machines. "There was one which broke bottles instead of corking them, another which swallowed the paper on which writing appeared. . .another which printed big blobs of ink, tore the paper and handed it to you like a work of art." These wonderful machines are close to the stuff of her dreams. In *A Woman Speaks* she recalls a girlhood dream about writing words on her long hair and throwing it over a wall. Her most startling experiences occur not at the Brussels Fair nor in Sweden but, to borrow one of her fictional titles, in "cities of the interior."

The interior drama is the source of her strength. When she advises the imprisoned poet not to despair after parole is denied; when she realizes that she'll never like Herlihy's work but that she can remain his friend by letting go of her dependence on him as a child now rejecting her; when she writes of Mailer that "violence is a symptom of impotence," one comes to see her as calm, compassionate and wise. Despite feeling betrayed by film-makers and by Geismar and Shapiro as reviewers, she struggles against her own destructive and anarchic impulses.

A typical insight into such struggle: ". . .the reason I am always too early. . .is to conceal my rebellion against appointments, organization, discipline. So that the feeling of constriction does not come so much from the duties I have to perform as from the clash between these duties and my anarchic self whom I have to hold in check." She arrives at this insight through psychoanalysis. And yet she's a harsh critic, "because when analysis seems to be arousing self-sufficiency then it seems to accuse one of aggressivity, of wanting power. . . ."

Psychoanalysis poses her around 1960 the same problem Rank posed in the '30s: how can she be an artist, how can a woman create or be self-sufficient if she is immediately accused of selfishness, aggression or the usurpation of male prerogative? For Nin the answer has never been to abandon psychoanalysis, whatever its limitations. When she says in Vol. VI "I love brave women," she refers to a friend who's gone on gaily after a disastrous love affair; not to political militants. In the 1970s, *A Woman Speaks* testifies, she acknowledges her relationship to the women's movement, but as a guru rather than an activist. Just as the poet must learn to flourish in prison and the artist in America, the woman, trapped in contradictions, must keep her "pillow book" beside her to record the struggle for harmony and serenity.

Nin's preference for psychology rather than politics rests on her belief that the personal can become universal: Anaïs becomes archetypal woman. As she remarks in her 1935 diary and recalls in 1962-63, "a rich personal intensity breaks its own shell and its own obsessions and reaches the whole." Wherever she appears these days younger women flock to see her. It's as if she said to Rank, since I cannot create by destroying I will make my art out of my connections with life; I will "overflow into the universal."

Nin believes the diary is closer to life than the novel, which traditionally mechanizes time and character in a manner foreign to women. In her own surrealist fiction, and especially here in the diaries, she aims not at the "static" but at both the "truth of the moment" (Vol. II) and the "sense of continuous change" (Vol. III). The very form of the diary, in other words, is the struggle with anarchy.

Volume VI of the diaries comes full circle to recording the publication of the first volume. There cannot be many more, since Nin has said she's no longer keeping them; but they are an impressive achievement. It's a rare writer who can get away with referring to her own "quest for the self."

Joan Joffe Hall

Joan Joffe Hall teaches English at the University of Connecticut.

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George Sand
by Curtis Cate
(Houghton-Mifflin; $17.50)

"Notorious Woman"
(BBC-Warner Bros.)

"Bien malin celui qui débrouillera ma mère"—shrewd indeed he'll be who unravels my mother. So the pathetic and resentful Solange, who couldn't herself have answered it, scrawled a challenge to future biographers across one of George Sand's innumerable letters. Writers from Henry James to André Maurois have taken their whacks at the sphinx of Nohant; and more recently Georges Lubin has made a light industry of Sand's correspondence, editing 10 admirable volumes before his publishers lost their nerve. Now, in separate gestures of scholarly homage and beguiling flummery, Curtis Cate and the BBC have joined the lists.

It was only a matter of time before the egomaniac transvestite of romantic legend was rehabilitated into a paradigmatic modern woman, smoking Virginia Slims instead of trumpet-lily cigars, more sinned against than sinning. But Sand herself, so adept at getting the last word in a quarrel and so assiduous in contriving evidence for posterity, could hardly have hoped for such a one-two punch, aimed simultaneously at scholar and public. Not that the two efforts are of comparable seriousness—iconoclasm and mass media are rarely compatible, and the English have never gotten the hang of Gallic bohemia. By contrast with the television series, Cate's biography is easily the best study of George Sand ever written. And yet it is disappointing in much the same way—partly because the book becomes somewhat disorganized after the mid-point of Sand's career (when Lubin is not around to help), and

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partly because Cate is so credulous in taking Sand's version of events at face value.

Sand is not to blame for occasional banalities in what are otherwise informed and literate scripts—"*Bravo, Franz*! . . . *Oh, Franz, don't stop*!"—or for Rosemary Harris romping in top hat like Judy Garland in *A Star Is Born*, at an age when Sand herself had settled with dignity into more conventional attire. Indeed, to those who remember Merle Oberon and Cornel Wilde as Sand and Chopin in Hollywood, *Notorious Woman* may well seem ghosted by its subject. George Sand had a mania for self-vindication matched only by her awesome industry, and she was not above tampering with the evidence, forging letters from incidents in the past to exculpate herself and expose the iniquity of those who crossed her. As she confessed to Flaubert shortly before her death, she had no taste for moral ambiguity. But she was never so disingenuous as to claim her husband Casimir had chased her through the woods, firing his shotgun in a drunken frenzy; or that her affair with Michel de Bourges commenced after she sought a separation from her husband, and ended because of the lawyer's pusilanimity and his wife's consternation; or that her daughter Solange intercepted compassionate appeals to the dying Chopin, refusing to admit her tearful mother despite his deathbed plea. Almost every dramatic crisis in the series is based on such cunning exaggeration and invention; but the melodramatic villainy of husband and daughter—Solange as a hoop-skirted Nurse Ratchet at Chopin's bedside, and Casimir a French provincial Captain Hook, with a brandy decanter permanently affixed to one arm—obscures the hard truths that George Sand's life and loves so powerfully illustrate. Like Sand's novels, and like her own interpretation of her life, the BBC series implies a simplistically liberal view of history in which intelligent, attractive and sympathetic characters are opposed by bigoted dolts. We flatter ourselves that we would have warmed to George Sand, or Emmeline Pankhurst, or Frederick Douglass—when, of course, what we mean is that only fools would insult Rosemary Harris or Sidney Poitier. We are permitted to forget that rebels are often unappealing and dyspeptic outcasts—and that most of us, however we insulate our principles from our necessary luxuries, find admirable reasons for enlightened conformity. And so, for all her naïve bravado, did Sand.

Whatever her contempt for bourgeois convention, George Sand took her bourgeois privilege for granted, though she preferred to think of it as a republican amalgam of the rustic and the aristocratic. She was, of course, romantic rather than radical, and she embodied that Catch-22 of the romantic hero satirized by Shaw in *The Doctor's Dilemma* and grappled with by Cate as a sort of biographer's quandary: egocentricity and benevolence, like art and morality, are often at loggerheads in the development of talent, generating wisdom out of fatuous and callous behavior, producing sages for whom—in latterday idiom—freedom's just another word for nothing left to love. "My profession is to be free," George Sand declaimed; but in spendthrift pursuit of that profession she overdrew her emotional accounts—and generosity is easy but valueless when the bank stops payment. Regardless of provocation, her treatment of those she cast as villains—ex-lovers, ex-friends, husband and daughter—was at times of a mean vindictiveness no amount of eloquent prevarication can explain away. This disparity between the Notorious Woman and the Good Lady of Nohant is ultimately what makes Sand so much more interesting a subject than, say, Marie Bashkirtseff, with all her naïve fecklessness and charm. To look the other way, to refuse Solange's challenge, is to content oneself with the "idea" of George Sand so inanely eulogized by Victor Hugo after her death.

Part of the fascination of Cate's book, however, lies in the tendency of his evidence to belie his congenial interpretation, as if he were a scrupulous but gullible narrator in a novel by James. Unfortunately, sympathy precludes analysis, and Cate's deference leaves Sand as he found her, an enigmatic lump. Doubtless he wanted to avoid the speculative prurience his subject has so often attracted—he frequently snipes at the glibness of Anthony West and others. But West remains persuasive in

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his basic contention that Sand's traumatic childhood—her father's death, her mother's neglect, her grandmother's severity—resulted in an emotional incapacity first sublimated as religiosity, then as romantic idealism, later still as utopian socialism, and most notoriously in a succession of relationships in which she compulsively repeated a pattern of maternal solicitude followed by abandonment. Balzac immediately spotted her essential prudishness, and notwithstanding her romantic conviction that amorous excess endangered their lives, her lovers complained that she was, as Oscar Wilde later put it in another context, "cold mutton." Cate dismisses as facile gossip Liszt's mordant observation that:

> *Madame Sand enjoyed catching the butterfly with a sticky brush, and gaining its trust while she locked it in a box with herbs and flowers—this was the love period. Then she stuck a needle into it and let it writhe in its death agony—this was the dismissal, which always came from her. Afterwards, she dissected her 'object,' and stuffed it for her collection of fictional heroes.*

Granted Liszt also made more flattering remarks, his quip accurately describes not only the course of Sand's most celebrated affairs, but the process by which she transmuted them into literature. Manceau, companion of her latter years, is an honorable exception; but Chopin was caricatured in *Lucrézia Floriani* even before the "betrayal" for which she subsequently blamed Solange. Evidently her novels, like her letters and journals, served not merely as an extension of Sand's life but as a correction, a refashioning, in which she could alter motives and events to vindicate herself. Virtually all her important fiction can be described as *romans à clef*, somewhere between the manner of Thomas Mann and that of Jacqueline Susann, and Cate ably elucidates the biographical connections. At one time Sand's Rousseauistic analysis of wooden heroes and histrionic heroines taken from life seemed startlingly original; but now it is the manner in which her life itself was manipulated, lived and relived in gossip and fiction as if it were susceptible to the rules of art, which seems most modern—and that is why it is worth the risk of facile psychologizing to come to terms with Solange's challenge. "Our work has always the same worth as ourselves," Sand declared near the end of her life; but she never wrote the *Mothers and Daughters* adumbrated in her biography, perhaps because she was too absorbed in self-justification to engage in searching self-analysis.

And yet, despite all her neurasthenic afflictions and emotional disasters, George Sand kept coming back for more; and what finally dignifies her often foolish life is not so much that she overcame her disability as that she struggled so heroically with it. In retrospect George Sand seems less a monument to liberation than to endurance. "Let us remain altogether young and trembling right up to the very eve of death," she wrote in her 50s. "I am an optimist in spite of everything that has torn me to shreds; it's perhaps my only quality."

That quality comes through in Cate's biography. If not precisely the book Sand herself would have written—where conflicting evidence exists, as in the Sand-Musset-Pagello episode, Cate duly notes it—it is the book her most loyal and attentive suitor, Alexandre Manceau, would have written. And neither he nor Madame Sand intended to see her unraveled.

Benjamin Dunlap

Benjamin Dunlap teaches literature and film at the University of South Carolina.

Reconsideration

George Sand

"Television's most fascinating heroine—get to know her better with this 'eventful and passionate biography.'" So runs the almost full-page advertisement in *New York Times Book Review* (June 6, 1975, p. 12) in joint praise of Rosemary Harris' television performance in the role of George Sand, and of the recent biography of George Sand by Curtis Cate.

Sand, in this centennial of her death, has come out of the obscurity to which public indifference, in our Western world at least, relegated her after her death. The image on the screen, to be sure, was mythical. It was free at least from the moral strictures that Sand's amorous life, in fact and legend, seems to inspire in most commentators. It bravely idealized the "outrageous" Sand. But it overlooked the main question: how can one account for Sand's once enormous popularity as novelist with readers from far beyond the borders of France, and which included such literary "greats" as Balzac, Flaubert, James, Dostoevski, Heine, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Walt Whitman, to mention only a few? And for the impact of her work upon the society of her time?

As brilliant and well documented a biography as Curtis Cate's does little to explain the phenomenon, or its opposite: the generally supercilious treatment Sand has received at the hands of critics who, like a recent reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* (June 11, 1976), treat her as though she were a fractious infant, describing Sand's autobiography, *The Story of My Life*, considered her masterpiece by Ivan Turgenev, as an "awesome document of self-justification and obfuscation, redeemed here and there by a flash of intelligence."

Will the combination of contemporary interest in women's studies and of Sand's centennial simply cause a new flurry of excitement over the more notorious, extravagant episodes of Sand's existence—Musset and Venice; Chopin and Valldemosa—her rejection of matrimonial compliance with a husband's way of life, all of which fed the *chronique scandaleuse* of the era? Such an outcome would be disappointing. It would leave unexplained the peculiar qualities of the woman—personal and literary—that won for her not only a swift popular success as novelist, but the respect of a host of distinguished contemporary figures—major and minor—men mostly, but also a few remarkable women, in many areas of endeavor.

She cherished their affection as one of life's great gifts. She enshrined their names in her diary, then in her autobiography, so that the less famous would not be forgotten. They were her "angels" and her "saints." She wrote to them endlessly; they gathered around her in Paris or Nohant; they taught her a great deal, and she could not have lived without them. She dazzled them, enter-

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tained them, served them and used them according to circumstance.

Sand, as *The New York Times* put it, has always been "biographical gold." But no biography as yet has accounted for the special position she occupied in the history of 19th-Century thought and in literary history. In the last half century, she has become little more to us than a name, known, if at all, as the author of two tiresomely wordy novels, *Indiana* and *Lélia*. Who reads books that cannot be found in any current editions? This is not the case in the Soviet Union, where popular editions of Sand's novels, we are told, running to 350,000 copies, are sold out on subscription. In France, in contrast, until recently, only a few of Sand's close to 100 titles could be found, and these were mostly the provincial novels that so charmed the young Proust, considered as stories for children. Somehow these inconsistencies tease the mind.

It seems unlikely that were her novels available Sand's peculiar fictional world would suddenly appeal to large numbers of readers, so clearly is it dated, so alien in style from our own literary sensibility. This is not the case, however (*pace*, Anita Brockner), with the *Story of My Life*, surely one of the great autobiographies of the 19th Century, though somewhat puzzling in form. It was, Sand wrote a friend, "a series of reminiscences, of professions of faith and of meditations in a frame whose details will be somewhat poetic and of great simplicity." She makes no bones about it at all: it's a true but ideal story she intends to write for the moral benefit of her readers. The time was 1847, and Sand when she wrote that prefatory chapter was emotionally and intellectually involved with the early utopian socialists whose 1848 revolution ended with the establishment of the Second Empire.

To non-historians, the pious social rhetoric Sand so abundantly develops in the course of her story may prove annoying: less perhaps when one realizes the insight it gives into the mental world of those who attempted, in that mid-century, to reinstate the revolutionary myth of an egalitarian society. For a woman who lived through nine political regimes—from 1804, when Napoleon's star was rising, to 1876, in a France that had been occupied, defeated and shocked by the disaster of the Paris commune—history was a part of her own story and, whether in vivid vignettes or in more tedious "professions of faith," its presence is one of the fascinations of the work.

George Sand was 43 and no apprentice when she officially began to write her autobiography. From the very first, as Georges Lubin wrote, fiction and autobiography merge. She herself underscores in her *Story* the intensity of her imaginative life, the active daydreaming that spilled over into her everyday life. Thus finally, after some 500 pages concerning her family's origins, the "reminiscences" and "poetic frame" take on a vivid narrative intensity that sustains the narrative well into the account of Sand's first years of marriage. After which, in spite of brilliant passages, the momentum of the narrative flags.

Far more surely than Sand's subsequent love affairs, these are the pages that hold the key to Sand's personality and image of herself, and in part, to her consonance with an era; certainly to the fictional patterns she evolved. Sand is gloriously pre-Freudian; no inhibitions concerning subconscious revealing myths and "deconstructing" critics hamper the flow of her narrative. For Sand the need to dramatize her narrative is compulsive. She cannot resist great climactic scenes, where confrontations inspire strenuous, high-minded rhetorical speeches and autobiography clearly melds into fiction. But there is a deep-lying consistency and truth in the rich network of emotional relationships revealed, at the center of which is a "mother-daughter" situation of great disruptive force.

For Aurore Dupin—she adopted her pseudonym in 1831-32—had "two mothers": her own mother, a Parisian *fille du peuple*, a milliner and seamstress who certainly had not lived by plying her trade and who married Aurore's father, a brilliant junior officer, a short while only before Aurore was born—a somewhat tardy legitimacy; and her grandmother, an aristocrat who was never oblivious to the fact that royal blood, although diluted, ran in her veins.

The conflicts of the "two mothers" over the four-year-old child and until Aurore's marriage dominate the early narrative, over and over again posing the problem of identity to the child who, as the older Sand's account reveals it, suffers deeply from the hostilities of which she is the pawn. The reader may rightly harbor doubts as to the literal accuracy of the scenes, which visibly espouse the scenarios of popular romance, rich in abandoned, wronged and slandered orphaned heroines. But the narrative probes more deeply into the "education sentimentale" through which an independent self emerges out of the matrix of social constraints. The theme of the creation of a self is a powerful one in that the individual is a girl who takes control of her own life, a central preoccupation of Sand's fiction.

If we examine Sand's world we could hardly find a richer "frame" of opposition, combining all the conflicts of the hour: aristocrat, *femme du peuple*; ancien régime, republican, bonapartist; Voltarian deism, superstitious faith; country, city; wealth, poverty; past, future. Aurore's problem of social non-identification was the problem of a whole society caught in the mental structures of the past. The century, shedding them all, turned positivistic, conformist and bourgeois, and the outsider became the artist. Sand's "saints" and "angels" were all more or less in that category. For she does not consider the artist as an esthete, but as a free "soul," a fuller human being.

There are many other facets of Sand's autobiography that make it good reading: vignettes of contemporary life in the semi-feudal provinces of a France still infested by wolves and bandits, intellectual circles there and in Paris, the hazards of travel on horseback or by coach, the probing insights into character and personalities. A good new translation is needed of *Story of My Life*, if possible in its entirety, with all its digressions and repetitious soliloquies. And, with it, selections from a correspondence whose spontaneity, candor and immediacy can play amusing tricks when they confront the autobiographical narrative. A "fascinating" woman, yes; and a fascinating writer more so than television or biographies, however good, as Cates' surely is, would lead.

Germaine Brée

Germaine Brée is Kenan Professor of the Humanities at Wake Forest University.

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Correspondence

Justice & Social Order

To the editors:
Michael Ignatieff's fair and reasonable review of my *Punishing Criminals: Concerning a Very Old and Painful Question* leaves some points to be clarified.

1) I do not believe that criminals are rational, only that they are no less rational than the rest of us—and that at present crime pays, *i.e.*, is rational.

2) The data suggest that detaining dangerous recidivists would reduce the crime rate not 10 percent, as Mr. Ignatieff conjectures, but 50 percent.

3) Mr. Ignatieff's ". . .people can only be punished for what they have done, not for what they might do," paraphrases my ". . .nobody can be punished for being dangerous . . . for what is feared of him." However, he omits that detaining a recidivist after he has served his punishment, if statistical calculations (not psychiatric evaluations) show that he still is dangerous, is no more a punishment than detaining a dangerous psychotic (usually on far more precarious predictions). He is not punished, although society is protected at his expense. However, the recidivist actually volunteered for the risk of post-punishment detention—unlike the psychotic, he could have avoided it.

4) Despite his fairness, Mr. Ignatieff exaggerates when he contrasts his stress on justice with mine on order, as though these were alternatives. Yet (as I wrote) "justice may reside in an alternative order, but it never can be an alternative to order . . . since [it] can be achieved only by means of a social and legal order." Is Mr. Ignatieff really for any degree of (individual) justice (*pereat mundus*) regardless of the price (in welfare, or social self-preservation?) Contrary to popular rhetoric, individual justice and social order require quantitative tradeoffs. The search for perfect justice at the expense of order is self-defeating, threatening the loss of both.

Ernest van den Haag

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Remodeling Ford

To the editors:
The White House Watch is favorite reading of mine and indirectly of 75 to 100 students who attend my courses in American politics.

I only wonder if John Osborne's column of July 24 ("Remodeling Ford") does not somewhat overestimate the educated public's disenchantment with Ford's image, and underestimate the public's disenchantment with two years of White House *policies*—or rather *vetoes* and *nonpolicies*.

Admittedly Ford ought to be given credit for cooling the inflation rate and restoring some measure of integrity to the presidency. But those were corrections that a President had to achieve if the country was to recover from four or five years of Nixon misrule (not to mention three or four years of Johnson misrule).

What really has the Ford presidency done in the areas of
1) business privilege, corruption and abuse of regulatory agencies
2) tax reform
3) welfare reform (other than chide New York City)
4) investigation of corruption in the FBI, the Teamsters, etc. and abuse of power by the CIA
5) unemployment, etc.?

Any one of these failures alone would not disturb the electorate but the combination reveals a supineness in the face of problems and evils needing correction.

David McLellan
Oxford, Ohio

To the editors:
The difficulty with remodeling Mr. Ford is that he was born dull, he comes from a dull state (I was born in it!), he has a dull mind, and his public style is necessarily dull also. Alas.

Howard Mumford Jones

Monarchy, Perhaps

To the editors:
Re *TRB*'s July 17, 1976 column, I can only assume from your continued derision of the process of picking presidential candidates that we should have philosopher kings.

John Purtle
Batesville, Arkansas

Woody's Bombshells

To the editors:
I find an occasional Woody Allen satire so startling compared to typical *TNR* articles, that I attract attention by laughing out loudly.

I enjoy the suspense of awaiting the next Allen bombshell. Keep 'em coming!

Geoffrey T. McLennan
Oakland, California

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

two photographs—are from Chytilová's *Sedmikrásky (Daisies)*. Thus *Sedmikrásky* is given one quarter of the representation of the world's color films.

The entry on Akira Kurosawa is mostly descriptive and gives no clear idea of his stature in the film world. (But *Sedmikrásky* is called "masterly by any standards.")

In *The Magnificent Ambersons* "the camera movements and sound-track in particular reflect Welles's exuberant enjoyment of filming and show that, by his second film, he had attained considerable expertise." We must assume from this that his first film, *Citizen Kane*, had not shown "considerable expertise."

I would not agree, and think few would, that the film of *My Fair Lady* showed "Audrey Hepburn fully justified selection for Eliza in preference to Julie Andrews who had taken the part on stage."

It is true that, since 1962, Rossellini has worked only in the theater and television, but to leave his entry at that is to omit mention of *The Rise of Louis XIV*, which he made for French television and which is one of his best works.

As one who has often shown *Public Enemy* in film courses, I don't find in it "the implication that defiance of the law may be a substitute for sexual achievement," a foreshadowing of "the psychology of *Bonnie and Clyde*."

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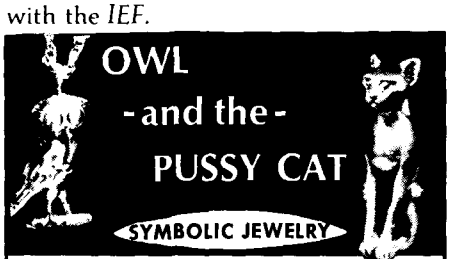
The realities of publishing economics being what they are, it will be a long time before the errors above are corrected, and errors that experts in various film fields might find; or opinions reconsidered. This is worrisome, particularly because of the force of the Oxford imprimatur. It worries me further that in the inevitable wide acceptance of the *OCF* there may be further slighting of the *International Encyclopedia of Film* edited by Roger Manvell (Crown, 1972). The *IEF* is hardly unflawed but it has only one substantive defect: not enough entries. (None for individual films, for instance.) If it were twice as long—in two volumes, say—and were sustained at its present quality, it would be clearly preferable to the *OCF*. Compare the photographs. (The *IEF* is printed on glossy paper.) Compare the national histories of cinema, compare articles on such subjects as animation and documentary, compare Mizoguchi! Because of the *IEF*'s limited scope those who own it will need the *OCF*. Those who own the *OCF* will want, where possible, to check it and/or supplement it with the *IEF*.



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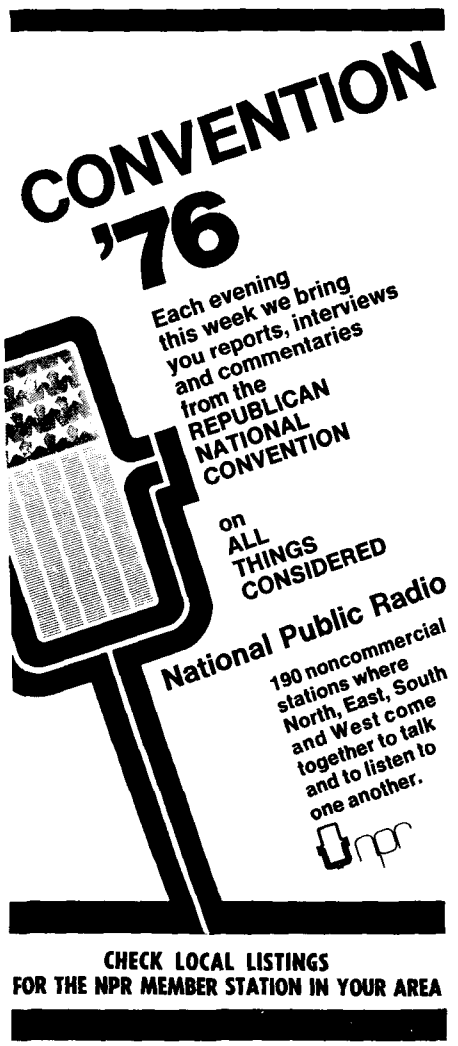
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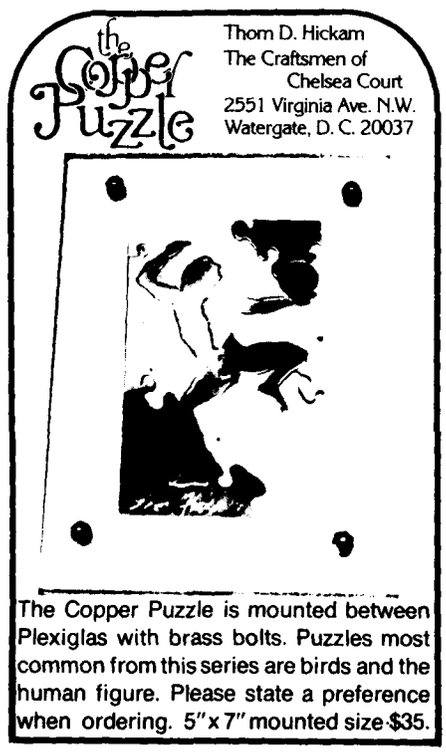

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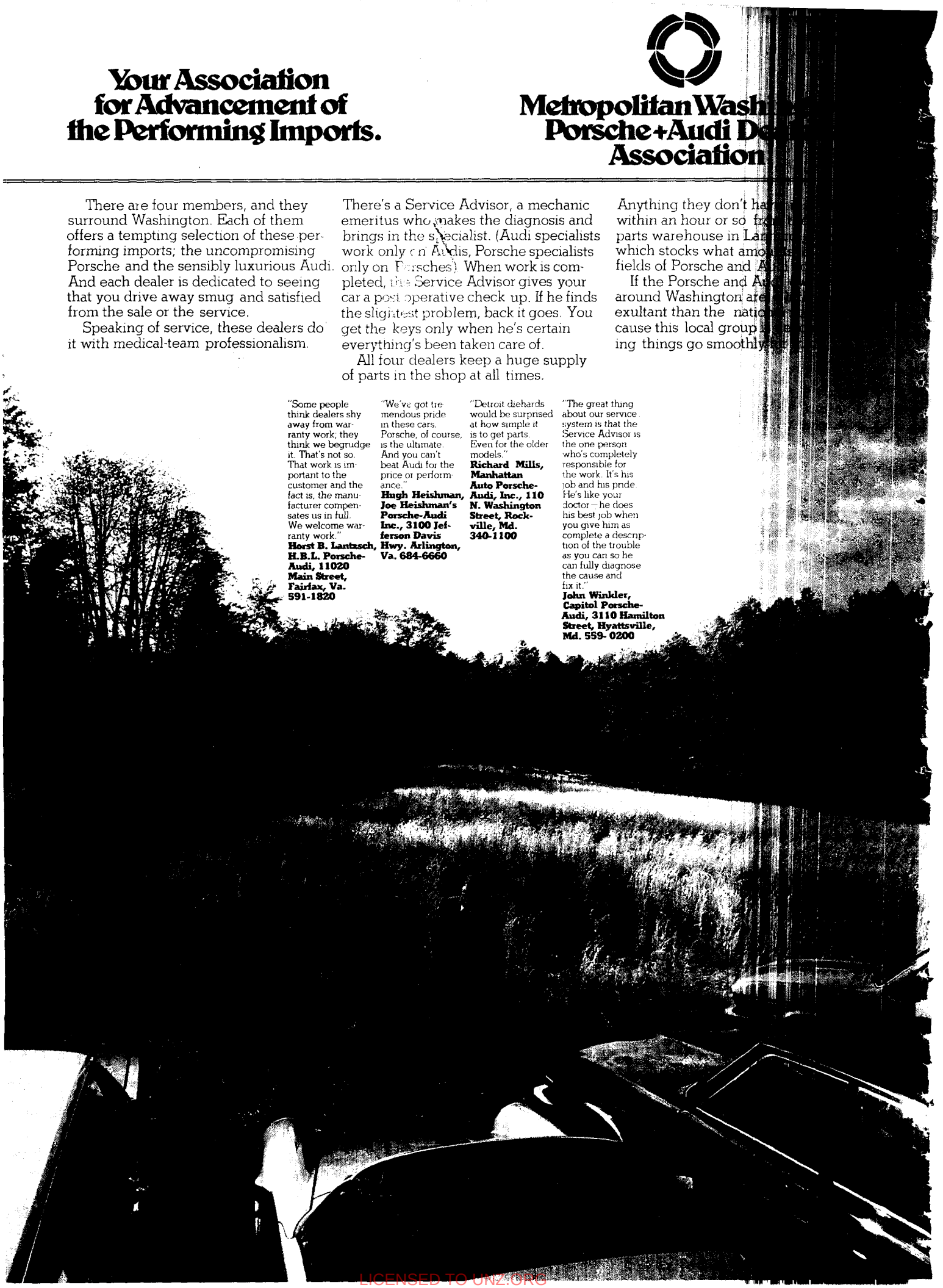

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